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HEAVEN'S VOICE.

BY WM. MACKINTOSH.

Oh, parents, how oft had I pleaded,
Your hearts all too callous to win:
But, ah! the mild calls were not heeded,
For still were you slaves unto sin,
And the bright beloved child was a stranger
To God and his altar of prayer:
For if left in your care there was danger
You might prove not its friend but a snare.

Then away from this world and its folly
It was called to the fair bye-and-bye,
So gently it faded, so slowly,
Till it gained the bright mansions on high.
Then they cried as it lay in its sleeping:
"Oh, why this keen sorrow and pain?"
But One there was felt their sad weeping,
Who knocked at their bosoms again.

And the bolts of their hearts He found riven,
So inward in mercy He stole,
And it spake there a mute voice of Heaven,
That sweetly brought peace to their soul.
Lo! His face how it beamed with fond pleasure
As they yielded to Him reconciled;
For in taking their dear one and treasure,
They were saved—both the parents and child.

HER BITTER FOE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A ROMANCE ON WHEELS," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "WEDDED HANDS," "THE ORISTONE SCANDAL," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

EXTRACT from a letter written by Mr. Gerard A. Marlingford, Piccadilly, to Major "Bob" Shorthouse, "Lord Warden" Hotel, Dover:

"As I have decided to join you, my dear boy, at the end of the week, in view of our trip to Norway, it goes without saying that I shall take your advice in regard to you know whom. In fact, I have decided to cut the whole concern. To tell the truth, I sha'n't be sorry to do it, for things have been confounded uncomfortable lately; and, besides, it would be most awkward if anything got down to Grantham, for there isn't much doubt that it would wreck my chances there in more ways than one, since Miss Mabel has a fine spirit of her own, and you know what a peppery subject the old boy is.

"If any gossip reached there he'd cut off my allowance in a twinkling, and you know what a precious hole I should be in in that case! Fortunately for me, though, I've kept the Grantham connection uncommonly dark, and am positive it is not in the least suspected in a certain quarter. I haven't yet sprung the mine, for I hate rows—and there is pretty sure to be one—but I shall do so before I leave London. Of course I was a fool to get into this pickle; and, to do you justice, dear boy, I know you warned me; but as I have no doubt that I shall be very comfortably replaced before a month is out, there is no particular harm done. Luckily, as you know, I took certain precautions, and so I think I'm pretty safe from annoyance in the future.

"Expect me down by the 12:25 train on Saturday, and until then believe me, dear Bob, Yours ever,

"G. A. MARLINGFORD."

* * * * * *

Bramble farm was the prettiest, best cultivated, best managed, and most productive farm in the whole village of Buttermead; nay, it would not be too much to say in the whole of Woodlandshire.

It was the prettiest because it lay in the most picturesque part of a picturesque county; it was the best cultivated because its master was not so poor that he could not afford to give the land the benefit of modern implements and methods; it was the best managed because he thoroughly understood his business, and, as a natural sequence, it was the most productive.

The house, built in a style unknown to any living architect, was delightfully irregular, having on the outside all kinds of peaked gables, unexpected chimneys, doors, flights of steps, and twinkling diamond-paned windows. Inside were queer little nooks and corners; passages branching off in all directions from the wide, stone-floored hall, leading into oddly-shaped cup-boards, china-closets, and pantries.

It was an easy matter for one to get lost in the maze of passages in Bramble Farm, but it was most difficult to find one's way out again. Indeed, it would have been almost impossible had it not been for the clock which stood in a corner of the hall—a tall clock in a case which time had toned down until it was the color of ebony—a clock which, striking the hours, half-hours, and quarters, with its harsh, strident clang, was audible in every part of the house, from the kitchen to the dustiest little garret in the highest of the pointed gables, and which consequently afforded the best possible clue to any one who chanced to lose himself in the bewildering intricacies which Bramble Farm presented to a stranger. In every other respect this clock was of no use whatever; but it had stood in its corner so many years that it had become a household veteran to be respected; and Stephen Keene faithfully wound it up every Saturday night before he went up-stairs to bed.

Stephen Keene stood in the sitting-room of Bramble Farm before a blazing fire. The grate was wide, the lumps of coal were generously large, and the cheerful glow illuminated the snug, comfortable room. It was the only light in the room, for, although a lamp stood upon the table drawn up to the rug, it was not yet lighted. Indeed, it was scarcely wanted, for it was barely half-past five in the afternoon, and the month of October was hardly a fortnight old.

The firelight glinted upon the table covered with its white cloth, on which, besides a tray with cups and saucers of old dragoon China, and an old-fashioned silver tea-pot, there was a substantial piece of boiled ham, a large, home-made cake, and a loaf of bread, which had certainly never seen the inside of a baker's oven, not to mention various smaller items. The firelight shone, too, upon the face of the master of Bramble Farm, and showed him to be a decidedly fine specimen of manhood. Not that he was handsome—Stephen himself would have laughed at any such notion, being good-temperedly conscious of how rugged and irregular were the features of his sunburned face. But his blue eyes were so frank and kindly, and looked upon the world and its ways with a glance so honestly straightforward, that those who knew him best were apt to forget that he was really rather plain than otherwise. So far he had taken life easily, making the best of everything and everybody alike, with a certain grave simplicity that belonged to him, that he looked, despite his big, broad-shouldered, sturdy figure and thick beard of ruddy brown, a good deal younger than his nearly thirty-five years. He had been master of Bramble Farm for just ten years on the coming Christmas, but he had not yet given his home a mistress, although there was more than one pretty Woodlandshire damsel who would very readily have become Mrs. Keene.

"I must say," said the master of Bramble Farm appreciatively, "that I do like a good fire!"

He spoke to nobody, unless, indeed, he addressed his own reflection in the glass over the chimney-piece; but some one entered the room just at that moment, and gave him an answer.

"You should rather say that nothing less than a furnace satisfies you, I think. I must say that I should not like to have to pay for the coals that are burnt in this house every winter."

"It's lucky that that's my department, then!" responded Stephen, demonstrating his perfect recklessness of the amount of the coal-bill by giving a vigorous stir to the already glowing fire, which sent the red flames chasing one another up the wide chimney. "I'd sooner be starved than frozen any day, he added; then asked: "Are we going to have tea yet?"

"Directly. Why? Are you in a hurry?"

"Not particularly; but I want to step up to the Hall before half-past seven, and catch Sir John before he dines, if I can."

"Again to-day? I thought you were there this morning?"

"So I was; but I want to see him to-night about those cottages in Apple-tree Lane. There isn't the least use in having them tinkered the way he wants. I was looking over two or three of them again this afternoon, and old Judberry's will be rattling about his ears directly, if it isn't properly repaired. That's the worst of Sir John—he'll spend two six-pences to save a shilling, and fancy he's got a profit out of the business."

"I should think you might as well give the order without troubling him again; it is sure to end about the same. Light the lamp, will you, Stephen? I'll make the tea now."

Stephen complied, and, having drawn the thick curtains farther over the two windows which lighted the room, drew his chair towards the table, sat down and took out a large pocket-book, in which he soon became absorbed. His companion, having made the tea, sat down by the tray and quietly awaited its drawing.

Never was sister more unlike brother than was Hester Keene. Her figure was slight, and, although not really undersized, so slim and spare that it looked so; her dark hair was tightly and plainly braided, with no trace of the much-maligned fringe, which would have softened and improved her face; but nothing would have induced Hester Keene to thus disorder her smooth, straight locks. Ill-looking she was not in any sense, neither could she be termed attractive; the expression of her sloe-black eyes was cold and keen, and her lips, young as she was—nearly ten years her brother's junior—were set in lines uncompromisingly close and rigid. She seldom laughed, and her cheeks had a fine bloom which seldom varied.

She was prim, prudish, precise, demure; she was uncompromisingly honest, and absolutely truthful; she had a strong will, an even temper, and, at times, a bitter tongue; she had a sense of justice which could be ruthless, and she was entirely without one touch of tenderness. In her stiff, frigid way she loved her brother—even passionately and jealously loved him—but he had never known it through all the years of their life together, and he did not know it now. And she, watching him, knew it perfectly, and felt with with a bitter pang that, alone as her love would leave him, how little he would miss her when she should be gone.

The meal proceeded almost in silence, for Stephen was looking at his pocket-book, busy with some calculation, and Hester, with her watchful eyes fixed upon him and the fire, was unusually quiet. Not, it must be confessed that her brother noticed it; it was one of his bad habits not to be particularly sociable at meals, and Hester, unless she had something important to communicate, never spoke.

Not more than a dozen words had been exchanged between brother and sister, when the old clock, beginning to strike with a tremendous noise, made the former rise from his chair and put away his pocket-book.

"I must be off if I want to catch Sir John—there goes a quarter to seven. By-the-way, Hester, if Joe Longcroft should look in while I'm out, I wish you'd tell him to ——"

"He will look in to-night," Hester interrupted composedly, rising, too. "Can you wait a moment, Stephen? I have something to tell you."

"All right—if it doesn't take long," replied her brother good-humoredly. "I don't want to miss Sir John, you know. What is it?"

"He thinks more of those wretched hovels in Apple-tree Lane and of old Judberry's tumble-down roof, than of my concerns," she thought bitterly, compressing her lips, her eyes following her brother's indifferent air, as he bent down to fasten his gaiter; "and yet all to-day I have shrunk from telling him—afraid that he would miss me. I need not have feared, it seems. It is best that I should go."

"Well, what is it?" Stephen repeated, straightening himself.

"Not much, I dare say you will think," returned his sister coldly. "But as you must know it shortly, it is better that you should know it at once, and from me. Joseph Longcroft asked me last night, to marry him, and I said I would."

"The dickens he did!" he exclaimed, staring, and with so much astonishment that, for the moment, he could do nothing but show it. "What next, I wonder? That's what brought him here so much lately, is it?"

"You don't congratulate me, Stephen," said Hester, with a touch of bitterness in her voice.

"Yes; yes, I do, my dear," and with his large hand he patted her slim shoulder gently, looking down rather wonderingly at her calm face. He would have kissed her perhaps, but that caresses of any kind had never been encouraged by Hester. "I'm very glad to hear it—very glad; but I hadn't suspected anything of the kind was going on, you know, and it takes one aback for the moment. Joe's a very good fellow, and well to do, and he'll make you a very good husband, I'm sure. I don't wonder he wants a wife—he must find his place very lonely since his mother died."

"He says so," Hester rejoined quietly.

"Of course he does. Well, I wasn't expecting it, but a woman is better and happier married and with a home of her own, no doubt. Tell Joe that I wish you both every happiness, and that I'll be in as soon as I can, to talk things over with him. And now, I really must be off—there goes seven o'clock! I shall miss Sir John, after all, unless I walk fast."

With that he left the room, and Hester Keene, following him to the door with her eyes, smiled to herself coldly and bitterly.

"He never even said that he should miss me or be sorry to lose me!" she thought. "Before I have been gone a week he will have forgotten me, to all intents and purposes. He will marry that foolish, little, giggling Anna Winter, or that pink-faced Jenny Simcox, before six months are gone by, I dare say. Well, I can't help it—he is old enough to know better than to make a fool of himself; and I always knew he would marry some of these days. But he might have said he would miss me!"

In her chilly, self-contained way she loved the man whom she had promised to marry; but the jealous, secretive, exacting affection which she had all her life cherished for her brother, had a far stronger hold upon Hester Keene.

And Stephen, striding at a smart pace along the road which led to Grantham Hall, was thinking of his sister, trying to accustom himself to the surprise which she had given him. It had been an intense surprise, for he had never associated his sister with what she herself had so often scornfully termed "love-making nonsense," and he had never suspected any ulterior motive in the frequent visits which his friend and neighbor Joseph Longcroft had of late paid to Bramble Farm.

"But it," he said to himself, slackening his pace a little as the chimneys of the Hall came within view—"if they have made up their minds, and it's all cut and dried, there's no more to be said, of course, although Hester might have told me a little sooner; perhaps how things were going. Yes, she might have done that; but then I ought to have seen it, I suppose.

Well, I shall miss her—a house is a queer dismal place without a woman in it—but I didn't like to tell her so; she might have thought that I meant to go against her, or that I didn't want her to be happy in her own way. She's a good girl—very good, but odd somehow. I never felt that I understood her exactly—my fault, I dare say. By Jove, there goes the quarter past!"

He quickened his pace, and, coming up to a small door in the park wall, he unlocked it and let himself in. From that point two or three minutes' brisk walking brought him to the Hall.

He had been Sir John Grantham's bailiff for the past six or seven years, and it was pretty well known that the Baronet himself had but little to do with the excellent management of his not very large estate. Stephen, announcing that he wanted to see Sir John for a few minutes if possible, was shown into the library to await the Baronet's appearance.

CHAPTER II.

Stephen Keene, standing with his back to the library fire, and gazing round the handsome room, looked perfectly at home there, and certainly self-possessed enough. And yet, when presently the door opened, he started and turned red to the roots of his crisp hair.

For it was not the little round-faced, round-bodied Sir John who trotted into the room, but a tall and graceful young woman, who swept in in a very stately way, and who was so absorbed in fastening a glittering bracelet upon her white arm that she was nearly upon the rug before she saw him. Then she stopped, gave him a doubtful stare from a pair of bright gray eyes for a moment, and then, with a frank laugh, held out her hand to him.

"Mr. Keene—how do you do? I had no idea you were here. Pray excuse me! What an age since we chanced to meet, isn't it?"

Stephen answered "yes," rather bashfully, as he made Miss Isabel Grantham a respectful bow. He had not done more than barely touch her white fingers.

"So long that I have absolutely forgotten when the last occasion was," continued the young lady lightly. "I came home only last night, Mr. Keene, and already I am, as usual, anathematizing the Hall as the dullest of dull places. But you will not agree with me in that, I know—will you? To you Buttermead is a veritable Arcadia, isn't it?"

"My business lies here you see, Miss Grantham," Stephen began to explain with an involuntary air of apology; "and, as that is the case my interests naturally lie with it."

"Business so admirably done should give you that recompense, I am sure," returned the lady graciously. "Not that I personally know anything whatever about it, Mr. Keene—I merely dutifully echo what I so often hear papa say, you know. And Sir John is not apt to be too lavish in his praises, I am sure. By the way, you are waiting to see him now, are you not?" she asked.

"If he is at liberty, Miss Isabel.

"Hearing you say that makes me feel as though I were in short frocks again," cried Miss Grantham, with a bright smile. "Don't you recollect how you used to get me away from my nurse and carry me off on your shoulder to have hot saffron-buns in the chimney corner of that nice old kitchen of yours in the winter, or to pick strawberries in the summer? How I used to enjoy those escapades, and what dreadful scoldings I used to get when you took me back! But I dare say you have forgotten all that; children remember such things much better than their elders, I think. Your sister is quite well, I hope, Mr. Keene?"

"Thank you, Miss Grantham, yes."

"I must go and see her, if I may. I think it was under her directions that I concocted my first cake; and all the currants settled at the bottom, I recollect," added the young lady, with an amused smile. "There, I am letting my tongue run on, as usual, and forgetting that your time is precious, and that you are waiting to see Sir John. Does he know you are here?"

Stephen replied that he believed so.

"I dare say they have forgotten to tell him," and Miss Grantham rang the bell smartly, and when the servant came, sent what seemed to be a very imperative message, for, although it was not audible, the man departed hastily.

"I really believe, she said, coming back to the fire, "that our servants are the most careless and inattentive in the world. Sir John is always storming at them, but they know it means nothing, and take no notice, while they are so used to me as a little girl, that they can hardly realize yet that my orders are anything more than jokes, to be obeyed or not as suits their fancy. It is very provoking, and the sooner they learn to know better the more I shall be pleased. I am sure the Hall wants a settled mistress."

Stephen Keene returned a polite and rather vague reply—really he hardly knew—what; and, to his decided relief the young lady said nothing further, but remained on the rug from which he had withdrawn upon her entrance, looking down thoughtfully at the fire. He was diffident with women, and, had their social status been equal, he would not have felt perfectly at ease with Isabel Grantham, gracious as was her manner, and well as he had known her from her babyhood. He respectfully admired her, for Sir John Grantham's only child and heiress, if not beautiful, was certainly handsome, and further, was the most dashing, stylish and popular young woman in Woodlandshire; but the simple farmer always felt more or less awkward in the presence of the young lady, who, for her part rarely seemed to remember that any social gulf lay between Grantham Hall and Bramble Farm.

Isabel Grantham had plenty of faults; but she had a fully compensating number of virtues, and there was in the whole range of her nature nothing small nor mean. She was the spoiled and petted child of the hottest-tempered, most unreasonable man in the county, and she ruled him completely. Her father scolded and grumbled at her every day, but was firmly persuaded that there was not her equal in the universe.

Isabel, staring at the fire with her black brows drawn down over gray eyes, seemed to have absolutely forgotten Stephen, but he, covertly eyeing her stately figure, certainly did not forget her, for, had he been alone, he would probably have whistled to while away the time. Indeed, he had two or three times checked himself just on the verge of it. Just then the door opened and Sir John Grantham came bustling in.

Sir John always bustled. He was a plump and rosy little man, exceedingly pompous and self-important. He had a round and ruddy face, lighted up by a pair of twinkling blue eyes and a nondescript nose. Sir John had more than once been taken for his own butler, who was, on the contrary, a very tall, handsome, and dignified personage. A shrewd man in matters that came under his daily observation, he was most simple in others, being at the same time as soft-hearted as a girl, and the most short-tempered little man in the three kingdoms, in the Baronetage or out of it. Now he bustled across the room and sat down by the fire, not without a wince and a groan, however, for one of Sir John's short, plump legs was afflicted with that unpleasant but decidedly aristocratic complaint, the gout.

"Well, Keene," said the Baronet, looking up at his agent. Sir John wore spectacles, but they usually either graced his forehead or were forgotten altogether, for those sharp little eyes of his were as keen as a hawk's. "Well, Keene, so you're here again, then? I thought we had talked over everything this morning. What is wanted now, eh?"

In his straightforward way Keene explained that the cottages in Apple-tree Lane were in a much worse condition than he had thought, and that there was absolutely no use in tinkering them. He wanted Sir John's authority to order the necessary repairs.

Sir John, instead of giving it, retorted testily: "Eh, what? New roofs? Stuff and nonsense! The roofs were good enough! Wouldn't at all mind sleeping under them myself—not at all. It is no use pampering those people; they were always wanting something—the more one does for them, the more one might. If they want new roofs let them put them on themselves. Why, they'd be crying for new floors the next thing. Stuff and nonsense! Certainly not, sir. Won't hear of it!"

And with this Sir John, having let off his customary tirade, fell back in his chair and commenced wondering what the probable cost of the repairs would be, while his bailiff looked half-rueful, half-amused, and Isabel, turning her grey eyes from the fire, observed with perfect calmness:

"How dreadfully absurd you are, papa, dear! What is the use of talking in that way?"

"Eh?" cried "papa dear." Sir John was perfectly used to his daughter, but he always appeared as though astonished at her audacious speeches. "What's that, miss? What do you mean, eh?"

"Why that it's quite ridiculous of you to keep Mr. Keene here, when, I dare say, he is in ever such a hurry, and to excite your dear old self so, just before dinner," returned Miss Isabel, as placidly as though she were paying her sire the most exalted of compliments, and crossing the rug to fold her arms upon the back of his chair as she looked down at him. "What do you know about Apple-tree Lane, and cottages, and roofs, and things? So tell him that you quite agree with all he says, and that you will be much obliged if he will do all that is necessary without troubling you further. That's what you meant to tell him, isn't it? So, Mr. Keene, please understand that Apple-tree Lane, and the cottages, and the roofs, are to be left entirely to your tender mercy until they are all that they should be. Pray take my kind remembrances to your sister. Good night."

In her frank, queenly way she held out her hand again; and Stephen, bowing first over it and then to the Baronet, quietly left the room, too used to this sort of termination of interviews with Sir John to do more than smile to himself as he thought once more what a very queer old fellow he was.

As the door closed upon him, Sir John drew the spectacles down over his red nose, and through them looked up very fiercely at his daughter, and coughed. This cough was always a note of preparation with the Baronet, when he scented a battle.

"Hem! Look here, Isabel!" he said sharply.

"Yes, papa," responded the young lady dutifully.

"We must come to an understanding—you and I."

"Certainly, papa. What about?"

"What about, miss?" cried Sir John irritably, getting up in a hurry, and treading so hard upon the gouty foot that he had at once to sit down again. "What about, miss? Why, this impertinent interference of yours with my concerns—that's what about! I won't put up with it. Pretty thing, indeed, if chits of girls, not twenty-one yet, are to order their own fathers about! A nice state of affairs, upon my word!"

"But I didn't order you, dear; it was Mr. Keene, you know. And you shouldn't tell fibs, really. It is quite shocking at your age!"

"Don't be impudent, miss! Didn't I say I wouldn't put up with it? I say I won't have you send that fellow Keene off to do just as he pleases and play any racket he likes with my money; and just after I had told him that I wouldn't give him authority for a brick. He's the most extravagant scamp in the county, that fellow is. He'd have all those paupers eating off gold and silver if he had his way. He'll be the ruin of me."

"Of course, dear, we know he will! You meant that this morning, didn't you, when you told me that you would be lost without him, and that he managed everything a hundred times better than anybody else, and that you would trust him with everything you had a thousand times sooner than any other man you knew? Now, dear, I just ask you if you are not the very worst-tempered, most stupid old darling in all the world?"

Perhaps Sir John thought he was, or the hug with which his daughter accompanied the question was not to be resisted. At any rate he relaxed and took off his spectacles.

"It's a bad example, Isabel," he said. "That is, a bad precedent, my dear."

"Is it, papa?"

"A very bad precedent. Why, bless my heart, if things go on at this rate, you know, people won't know who's master here—you or I. Now, don't you do it anymore."

Judging from the mischievous sparkle in Miss Isabel's gray eyes, she had thoroughly made up her mind on that point, if nobody else had. But she only said, as she curled a lock of his grizzled hair over her white fingers—

"I hope it will be very long before the Hall has any master but you, dear. It will never have a dearer or kinder one, although you know you really have a most shocking temper."

"Eh?" cried Sir John, with a chuckle. "Don't you be saucy, miss. Some one else has a temper too, it strikes me—eh?"

"Oh!" His daughter tossed her handsome head, with a slight deepening of the bloom in her clear dark cheeks. "Of course I have a temper! All the Granthams have, and I am rather proud than not of mine. People who haven't tempers are always stupid, I think."

"Oho!" cried Sir John with another chuckle of amusement. "Open confession—eh, young lady? But I wasn't alluding to you, as it chances. That young rascal, Gerard, I meant."

"Oh," said Isabel, and her heightened color faded a little, and the black brows were drawn down over gray eyes, while her lips closed in a way that was certainly ominous. She turned around to her father, drawing up her tall figure in a way that made the plump little Baronet in his big chair look smaller than ever. "You are very fond of talking about Gerard, papa," she said with a frown, "and I am not going to pretend that I don't understand you; but I do wish that you wouldn't do it. I know that he wants to marry me because I shall have money, although he is no more in love with me than I am with him, hard as he has tried to behave in the most approved sentimental way"—and here the speaker laughed, as at the memory of something decidedly amusing; "but I told you when I was seventeen, when you first spoke of it to me, that I wouldn't be plagued about it and that I wouldn't give an answer until I was twenty-one—and I won't! I may marry Gerard, perhaps, but it is a great deal more likely that I shall do nothing of the kind."

"You won't?" cried Sir John helplessly, staring at the handsome rebel.

"I say, most likely I shall not. We shall see. I am not twenty-one until the middle of March, and that is five months hence. Gerard has gone off to catch salmon in Norway with that horrid creature Major Shorthouse—'Bob,' as he calls him—with the understanding that he is to be here for my birthday. Very well. When that time comes and brings him with it, it will be quite soon enough for me to be teased about. So remember, papa," with a laughing gesture of warning, "Gerard Marlingford is a tabooed subject until then. And there is not the least use in the world in your talking to me about him, for I shall only get cross with you if you do."

"But, my darling girl——" began the subjugated Sir John, with meek remonstrance.

"'But me no buts'!" cried Isabel gaily. "I won't listen. I have delivered my ultimatum, papa, and I expect you to respect it and obey me. Mind, if you tease me any more, or even attempt it, I'll elope with the very first man whom I can coax to help me, even if it is that dreadful little curate with the squint, and the red hair, who had the audacity to write me a formal proposal before I was fifteen."

"Oho?" laughed Sir John. "Will you, miss? The little curate has a wife who's a regular six-footer—yes, by Jove!—and a half-dozen red-haired, squint-eyed youngsters into the bargain!"

"Well, with somebody else, then," returned Isabel, moving across the room to one of the long windows and drawing aside the curtain with a restless gesture. Then she cried out in an altered tone, as she turned round with an astonished look: "Why, it is snowing heavily!"

"Is it, my love?" said the Baronet placidly. "Well, it is uncommonly cold, you know."

"I know; but we are not in the middle of October yet. What great flakes! Surely we shall have a very severe winter."

Sir John was half asleep before the fire. He muttered drowsily:

"Very likely. Keene said this morning it promised to be a teaser."

"I wonder if Mr. Keene is safe at home yet?" Miss Grantham said carelessly, as she idly let the curtain fall and came back to the fire.

CHAPTER III.

STEPHEN KEENE was not at home when the snow commenced to fall—indeed, he was considerably farther away from it than was Grantham Hall itself. The man whom he had to see about the repairs in Apple-tree Lane, lived at the farther end of the long, straggling parish of Buttermead, and Stephen, as he locked the

little green door in the park wall behind him, paused for a moment to consider. Should he go on and speak to the man now that he was, as it were, half-way there, or put it off until to-morrow?

His memory of how warm and cozy was the parlor at Bramble Farm, with its blazing fire and closely-drawn curtains, might have decided him upon the latter course of action but for two things. He recollected Hester and her lover, who would probably, he thought, be quite comfortable without him; and then he remembered that business would call him in the opposite direction on the morrow. This last thought was decisive, and he turned up his coat-collar and walked resolutely away towards the other end of the village.

"We shall have some snow before morning, I expect," he said to himself.

But, although he said it, he was surprised enough presently, when the flakes began to fall—large flakes, which growing thicker and faster as they circled down, soon whitened his arms and shoulders, and eddied along the road before him in soft drifts.

By the time this business was finished and he turned his face towards Bramble Farm again, the road before him was white and glistening.

Stepping along briskly he soon came abreast of the Hall again, and left it behind him. He was just at the point of the road where two lanes met—one a short cut to a neighboring hamlet, the other leading direct to his own home—when he halted, and only by an effort saved himself from stumbling forward.

Absorbed in his thoughts, which were just then mainly of his sister and her lover, he had not noticed a heap which lay black against the whiteness of the freshly-fallen snow.

Now, as he stumbled, he looked down, saw it lying there, and, feeling rather than seeing what it was, knelt down beside it. He lifted it to rest against him, and the folds of a great black cloak slipping aside as he did so, he fairly gasped. He had stumbled over the senseless body of a beautiful woman lying in the snow.

He looked at the pale face, from which the little black bonnet had fallen back, and at the dark lashes lying upon the waxen cheeks; and then being practical as well as puzzled, he raised the insensible form in his arms, and walking but very little slower for its weight, strode down the lane towards his home, the lights of which soon began to twinkle out from among the trees.

Hester Keene and her lover, sitting very comfortably over their staid love-making by the sitting-room fire, both started to their feet with simultaneous expressions and exclamations of astonishment when Stephen, pushing open the door with his foot, came striding into its warmth and brightness.

Joseph Longcroft was constitutionally slow of tongue, and after his first astonished exclamation said nothing; but not so Hester.

"Good gracious, Stephen," she cried rather shrilly, and with an involuntary housewifely glance at the neat carpet, upon which the melting snow was dripping both from her brother's garments and the burden he carried, "what in the world is this? What is the matter?"

Stephen returned no answer. He strode across to the arm-chair from which his sister had just risen, pushed it with his foot nearer to the glowing fire, and stooping, gently placed within the wide arms of the chair the insensible form he carried.

"Fainting's the matter, if nothing else is," he said shortly. "Don't waste time talking, Hester—there's a good girl, now. Give me the brandy or something, and call the girls to help you. Beg pardon, Joe, but I'll talk to you presently. Ever hear of such a thing out of a story-book, now?" queried Stephen wiping his forehead. "I found her just at the top of the lane—almost fell over her, in fact. She had fainted in the snow. Lucky I passed, wasn't it? Now, Hester, come! Here, Mary—Sarah?" cried Stephen, hurrying out to the door and raising his voice. "Make haste here, and have your wits about you. Can't I help you, Hester? Poor child."

"What nonsense, Stephen!" returned his sister tartly, pausing in her task of loosening the senseless girl's bonnet which she was doing with perfect coolness—Miss Keene prided herself upon her self-possession and readiness in cases of emergency. "How can you help me? That is the worst of you, you always get so absurdly excited whenever there is anything wrong! There is nothing the matter with her beyond a fainting fit; she will come around directly. And as for being a child, she is nothing of the kind! Take Joseph with you into the kitchen and send the servants here, if you want to do anything useful."

Stephen, thus snubbed, and feeling himself as helpless and as much in the way as it is usually the fate of men to find themselves in similar circumstances, retired in becoming submission, his friend very gladly bearing him company. Then ensued a vast deal of bustle in the sitting-room, much running up and down stairs, general confusion, which came to an end after the lapse of half an hour, when Hester appeared at the kitchen-door, and beckoned her brother out to a private conference in the hall.

Miss Keene's lips were set in a severe line, and her face wore its gravest expression of annoyance and disapproval.

"Well, how do you get on?" asked her brother cheerfully, following her to the foot of the stairs. But Stephen Keene knew the meaning of that expression, and dreaded it as a weapon against which he had no power of fighting, and his cheerfulness sounded rather hollow. His sister ignored the question.

"She—that young woman—has recovered now, Stephen, and is quite sensible. It is your business; beyond what is absolutely necessary, I desire to have nothing to do with it. What am I to do next?"

Hester Keene would not have added the last sentence, or asked her question had she not seen an expression on her brother's face which was not often there, and which made her aware he had made up his mind. Stephen did not often persist in having his own way in the face of her disapproval, but when he did she knew there was nothing for it but to yield with what grace she might. So, although it galled her, and although she was at once scandalized, angry, and suspicious, she asked the question, and with an air of forced patience stood waiting for her brother to reply.

"I should say that the sooner she was sound asleep the better. You can give her my room if you have no other ready, can't you?"

"Exactly as you please. It is a risk, of course, to take in a person of this sort; but, as I said, it's your business, not mine."

"Rubbish!" cried her brother, almost roughly. "Don't talk like that about the poor child, Hester—there's a good girl! It doesn't sound kind, you know. Where was she going, did you say?"

"I don't know," returned Hester, in cold resentment of his tone. "She merely said that she lost her way, and had been walking since mid-day. That is true enough, I dare say for her skirt and shoes are absolutely soaked. But I have asked her no questions."

"Of course not, while she must be half-dead with cold and fatigue!" said Stephen quickly. "I'm sure I hope she won't be ill. Ought I to go for the doctor, do you think?"

"Really, Stephen, how absurd you are!" Miss Keene cried tartly. "To think of your tramping right to the other end of Buttermead in a storm like this, and at this time of night, to fetch the doctor for a girl whom you never saw before, and who has probably run away from her friends or something."

"Run away?" echoed her brother. "Why do you say that?"

Hester shrugged her shoulders.

"Merely because it seems to me more likely than anything else. There is some reason why she was wandering about in such a condition, I suppose, and in a place too of which she knows nothing. She actually asked me, when I told her where she was, if it was near Dover."

"Perhaps she was going there," Keene suggested.

"Quite impossible. There are only a couple of shillings and a few coppers in her pocket. Besides, that would not account for her tramping about instead of going by train. She may be a servant out of a place."

"A servant?" Stephen repeated, recalling the delicate, waxen-pale face. "I don't think she looked much like that."

"There are servants and servants," said Hester. "At any rate, it may be so."

"Oh, yes, of course," assented her brother, trying to settle the matter. "Well, we shall hear all about her in the morning, I've no doubt; and in the meantime all that we can do is to make her comfortable, and the sooner that's done the better. You didn't ask her name, I suppose?"

"No," returned Hester, entering the sitting-room. "But I will if you like."

She so evidently meant to do so at once that Stephen lingered near the door and listened curiously. He heard her question and heard it answered in a low sweet voice. Hester came out to the door again.

"She says her name is Nelly Carroll, Stephen. Tell Mary to bring up the gruel she is making when I ring, will you, please?"

And Stephen went back to the kitchen, and obediently did as he was requested.

"Nelly Carroll—Nelly Carroll—Nelly." Well, he thought, that name suited the girl with the delicate face and long black lashes, whose voice was so clear and sweet. He sat down again by the kitchen fire, and lighting his pipe, stared absently at the broad, good-tempered face of his prospective brother-in-law.

Was this girl married? he wondered suddenly. No, no—impossible! And yet—why not? She was probably two or three and twenty, and it was at least likely. But still somehow he did not think it. If she were, she must have a pretty kind of husband to let her go wandering about in such a plight, poor child, that was certain. No, she couldn't be married—it was absurd to think of it.

In fact Stephen Keene, the simple, straightforward, sensible master of Bramble Farm, did not want to believe that the girl called Nelly Carroll was married, and therefore the definite property of an unknown somebody, who, whoever he might be, ought certainly to be ashamed of himself. No; no doubt Hester—shrewd, far-seeing Hester—was right in her surmise, and the poor child had run away from her friends—and she was quite right if they were not kind to her, he decided, feeling quite indignant with the supposed friends. As to her being a servant—well, he thought of the stout, ruddy, buxom, red-armed damsels who were the domestics at Bramble Farm, and at once dismissed that idea.

Joe Longcroft, sitting opposite to him, thought he had never known his friend to be such dull company. Honest Joe's circle of thought was small. He began to wonder restlessly whether Stephen was "put out" by his having asked Hester to marry him without first consulting him. He hoped not, for Joe wanted everything to be proper and pleasant for his wedding. Perhaps Stephen was "put out." And yet Joe could not accuse himself of having been in too great a hurry, or of having made a secret of his intentions. Why, he had courted Hester for close on five years, walked home with her from church every Sunday without once missing, and had kissed her under the mistletoe every Christmas. Surely that was plain enough. He might just say a word about it to a fellow. Honest Joe little thought that he had forgotten all about it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE STYLE IN AFRICA.—The system of warfare followed by the Dahomians of Africa, is the usual barbarous one of surprise. When the King declares war—a formality which he carefully observes year after year—he rarely tells even the chief "caboceers" the name of the town he intends to attack. The army marches out, and when within a day's journey or so of its unhappy objective point, silence, on pain of instant death, is enjoined, and no fires are permitted to be lighted. All stragglers are taken prisoners, and the army is led through a road cut through the bush, and not along the regular highways.

The town is surrounded at dead of night, and just before daybreak a rush is made, and every man, woman, or child not killed in the melee, is captured if possible, and sent to the Dahomian capital, Abomey, where some grace the succeeding custom (annual sacrificial ceremonies), and others are sent as slaves to distant parts of the kingdom. Cannibalism, or something that approaches it very nearly, enters into the ninth or concluding ceremony of the yearly custom. Four men, each furnished with sharpened sticks by way of fork and knife, are stationed in front of the platform from which the victims are thrown before decapitation.

When the first captive is beheaded, they take the body and cut off pieces of the flesh, which they rub with palm oil, and roast over a fire kindled in the square before the platform. The human flesh is then skewered on the pointed sticks and carried around before the crowd; after which these fiends parade before the state prisoners, and go through the motions of eating the sickening morsels. They chew the meat before the terrified prisoners, but do not swallow it; and when they have worked upon the fears of the poor wretches for a sufficient time, they retire, and, spitting out the flesh, take a medicine which acts as an emetic.

A PITTSBURG street-car driver says that his horses suffer severely on Sundays from the flies, because on that day there are so few horses on the streets that those that draw the cars are about the only ones on which the flies can dine.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE HEELS.—Heels on the shoes first originated with the Persians. A person of low stature was regarded as an object of contempt, and, therefore, the heel was the happy thought of some one of the unfortunates, thus providing by art that which nature denied.

TAMING HORSES.—The taming of horses in New Zealand is a somewhat crude system. They decoy the horse into a swamp until his legs are securely embedded in it. They then proceed to "gentle" him. The women sit on him, the men get astride him, and then put a little dog under his tail. The women shake their dresses in his face. When the horse is dug out he is quite tame.

THE WIFE'S NAME.—There are many interesting facts about the marriage ceremony. For instance, the wife's taking the husband's name in marriage. This practice is derived from the ancient Romans, whose wives were called Julia, or Octavia, or Romola of so-and-so, the so-and-so being the husband's name instead of her own surname. We follow this except in the use of the word "of."

FIRST CATCH YOUR MOSQUITO.—To remove mosquitoes from a room mix four ounces of oil of cloves, two ounces of oil of peppermint, three ounces of oil of lavender, eight ounces of capsicum, eight ounces of camphor, half a pint of spirits of turpentine, and half a pound of insect powder. Catch the mosquitoes, and give them half a teaspoonful every fifteen minutes. As soon as they begin to show signs of paralysis, hit them tenderly with a paving rammer. They can then be removed from the room without danger.

FROM FLOWERS.—This pretty story is told in regard to the origin of the capital, or top of those pillars called Corinthian, seen in churches and public buildings. It is said that a loving nurse had placed a basket of toys, covered with a tile, upon the grave of a Corinthian girl, and that in the spring time an acanthus plant, upon which it stood, sent forth shoots, covering the basket and curling over the tile, thus providing a model directly imitated by Callimachos, a celebrated sculptor.

WHITE AND BLACK.—In treating a deceased negro in Leipsic for an ulcerous affection, it was found necessary to replace portions of the skin with pieces taken from one or two white persons. These latter pieces gradually grew darker in color, and finally as black as the patient's own skin. This singular fact led to an experiment being made of transposing portions of black skin on a white patient, and it was found that after a few weeks these began to grow pale. In less than fourteen weeks they had, in fact, grown so white as not to be distinguishable from the patient's natural skin.

THE FIRST BRIDGES.—The first bridges of which we have any account were built in Rome 500 B. C. The next in Roman history was erected by Julius Cæsar for the passage of the army across the Rhine. The Romans also built the first stone bridge which crossed the Tiber. China has the longest stone bridges in the world, but India the longest wooden one—over five miles. There is a trestle bridge across Lake Ponchartrain, in Louisiana, that is by far the longest in the world. The suspension bridge at Niagara Falls, has a span of eight hundred feet, and the great New York and Brooklyn Bridge is over one thousand five hundred feet.

THE NEAREST STAR.—Alpha, the leading star in the Constellation of the Centaur, is the nearest star to the earth, so far as known. Its distance is usually placed at from 20,000,000,000,000 to 20,000,000,000,000 miles from the earth. A star numbered Sixty-one, in the group of the Swan, is classed as second in distance, being put at about 54,780,000,000,000 miles distant from our globe. Most of the stars, however, are millions of times further away from us than these. Light travels about 190,000 miles in every second of time; and yet with this inconceivably rapid velocity, it would take light about twelve years to traverse the space separating us from that star.

I WILL not speak so bad as I know of many; I will not speak worse than I know of any. To know evil of others and not speak it, is sometimes discretion; to speak evil of others and not know it, is always dishonesty. He may be evil himself who speaks of others upon knowledge, but he can never be good himself who speaks evil of others upon suspicion.

THE SUNSET LAND.

BY ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

In the far-off hills of the sunset land;
  In the land where the long grass bends and quivers,
Where the ghosts of night and morning stand
  By the gleams and dreams of the lonely rivers,
  Where the brown sedge waving, stoops and shivers
At the water's edge in the sunset land.

Through the trackless paths of the sunset land;
  Where the silence broods in a dream unbroken,
And the days slip by like grains of sand,
  Where the song unsung and the word unspoken,
  Seem like a part of a nameless token
Of the wild gray wastes of the sunset land.

On the snow-clad peaks of the sunset land;
  As they ride in the clouds so near to heaven
In shadowy vastness, stern and grand;
  Where ancient old pines by the lightning riven,
  Moan in the winds through their branches driven,
On the crags and cliffs of the sunset land.

Mid the rolling plains of the sunset land,
  Where the echoes drift in the tufted heather
In the wake of breezes sweet and bland;
  Where the shadows go in a troop together
  Across the haze in the fair June weather
In the grassy dells of the sunset land.

By the wand'ring streams of the sunset land,
  Where the ripples rise 'mid the tall reeds bending
And float away to an unknown strand;
  And the shade and the sunlight slow descending
  Fall where the voice of the waters blending
Sings of the sunset land.

Fettered, Yet Free.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIKE UNTO A STAR," "BRUNA'S STORY," "A GIRL'S DESPAIR," "TWICE MARRIED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—(CONTINUED.)

SHE inclined her head slightly, it seemed as if her white lips were too stiff to form the words she would have spoken; as she moved a step or two in the direction of the door she staggered as if she were about to fall; I caught her by the arm with one hand, and with the other, reached a carafe of water from the breakfast table, filled a tumbler from it, and held it to her lips. She swallowed a little at first with difficulty, then she took the glass from my hands, and drained it thirstily, eagerly, almost with avidity.

"'Thank you, sir,' she said, in a more natural manner, as she quietly disengaged her arm from my clasp. 'I am better now. This has been a shock to me.'

"'I can quite understand that,' I replied. 'And terrible as it seems to you, I fear there is yet worse to come.'

"'Can there be anything worse than death?' she said, in a low tone.

"'Yes,' I replied gravely. 'Sometimes circumstances arise which make death, sad as it is, even sadder. Will you go to your mistress? She will, no doubt, require your assistance, and,' I continued to the butler, 'I should like to speak to you alone, before seeing Mrs. Beaumont.'

"'Certainly, sir,' he answered very respectfully. 'Will you come into another room?'

"'I will speak to you here, if you please,' I said quietly; and the housekeeper, who was listening, glanced at me sharply and remained motionless.

"In a low tone—every tone was low in that dread presence—the butler gave some orders to the other servants, who left the room. As they did so I went again to the couch and bent over the still form upon the cushions, the form which so short a time ago had been so full of life and strength, and in the possession and enjoyment of every faculty, but which now was cold and still and lifeless. I felt that the housekeeper was watching me keenly: she had made no attempt to leave the room, but stood, a tall, stately figure, in her long, plum-colored gown, whose rich hues caught an added glow from the firelight. When I raised my head I glanced at her, and was going to repeat my wish that she should leave the room, when she advanced a few steps towards me.

"'I beg your pardon, sir,' she said hastily; 'I apologize for my disobedience, but may I not hear what you have to say about my master? I have been in his service for years; I have served him faithfully. My faithful service gives me a claim, I think. I ought to be allowed——'

"Something bitter, almost mocking in her low tones angered me a little, and made me interrupt her.

"'Your claim can scarcely be greater than your mistress's,' I said coldly. 'You——'

"But she interrupted me almost fiercely.

"'It is greater,' she said. 'He has not been married long, and they did not agree, and she hated him,' she added passionately, yet not raising her voice above a low, subdued key; 'she will be glad that he——'

"But here the butler interposed, addressing her with a quiet dignity which struck me and roused my admiration. I noticed, too, that his manner towards her was not that of an equal, but rather of an inferior: he spoke to her more as if she had been Mr. Beaumont's sister or daughter, not as though her position was on a par with his own.

"'You forget yourself, Miss Hester,' he said quietly. 'It will be better for you to go to your rooms until you are calmer.'

"As he spoke he walked to the door and opened it. For a moment she hesitated, then she made a few steps towards the door, paused, hesitated again, and with a sudden, passionate gesture turned and ran back to the couch upon which the dead man lay, and sank, or rather, so vehement were her movements, flung herself upon her knees beside it.

"'Oh, my dear, my dear!' she murmured passionately. 'I loved you—I loved you! I would have died rather than have hurt a hair of your head, and—oh, my heart—oh, my heart!'

"She lifted her hands to her head, glancing wildly around; her fingers had touched those of the dead and the chill seemed to have reached her inmost being.

"'So cold!' she murmured, faintly now, for the unnatural passion was dying out and with it her strength was failing. 'So cold! And he will not speak to me! But he is not dead—he is not dead—no, no, no, not dead!'

"Both Horrocks and I had drawn near her; any momentary distrust of her had vanished and only intense compassion remained. That her suffering was acute and bitter was but too evident, and what was equally evident also was that the dead man had been dear to her—that she had loved him with a great and passionate love. I bent over her and tried gently to raise her from her knees, but she resisted me with a fierce strength which I know would very soon fade into weakness.

"'I will not go—I will not leave him!' she cried out wildly, grasping the cushions convulsively with her long slender fingers—her hands were large as became her size, but white and beautiful. 'No one can come between us! Mine! She never loved him—she hated him—she wished him dead, and I—and I—oh, Heavens!'

"A cry of unspeakable horror broke from her, she threw out her arms and let them fall across the motionless form on the couch by which she knelt, and bowed her head upon them, uttering little, inarticulate sounds, half moans, half cries, which were most distressing to listen to. Never in all my professional experience had I assisted at a scene so tragic, so mournful: never, I think, will it be obliterated from my mind: the beauty of the dead face, lying white and still, thrown up clearly by the dark, rich hue of the velvet cushions, so quiet, so untouched by the wild despair of the kneeling woman, whose fair hair, loosened by her agitation and escaped from its fastening, fell in great masses over her shoulders, and whose white hands were clasped and writhing in her agony; the stately room, with its beauty and luxury; the undisturbed breakfast table; the gloomy moan of the wind among the trees; the swish of the rain upon the window panes. All these things added to the mournfulness of the scene, which is, I think, faithfully photographed on my memory. I believe that for many years to come I shall only have to shut my eyes and I shall see it all as clearly as I did this morning.

"Again I bent over her, and tried to lift her from the ground; again she resisted, but more feebly, looking up at me with eyes which were at once wild and reproachful and piteous.

"'Why not leave me here?' she said faintly. 'I cannot hurt him any more now! I will not go! He does not reproach me now; he does not spurn me! I—I——'

"Her voice failed her; her unnatural excitement had exhausted her strength; she no longer resisted my endeavors to assist her, but she was powerless to second them, and she was utterly incapable of standing without support. Horrocks came to my assistance, and between us we lifted her to her feet; her eyes were fixed and glassy; but weak as she was she tried to struggle against her growing faintness.

"'I am not ill,' she murmured, even while her head sank forward on her breast, her face looking deathlike, shaded by the loosened masses of her hair. 'Let me go! I want to go to his widow, to——'

"A dreadful laugh broke from her lips. I felt her weight grow heavier upon my arm. We assisted her to cross the room, and just as we reached the door her eyes closed, her head fell back, she dropped a dead weight into our arms. Between us we carried her out of the room into the hall. Some of the women servants were still lingering there; we placed the unconscious woman on a couch and summoned them to her assistance, and giving them a few directions as to her treatment, I went back to the dining room with the butler. At the door I paused and looked back, standing for a moment to see the result of their ministrations. They had placed cushions under her head; one maid was chafing her hands, another bathing her face, a third was holding salts to her nostrils: she was already recovering; her eyes were open, and she was making a slight effort to lift herself from her recumbent position, an effort one of her attendants instantly seconded by raising her in her arms. A vivid recollection of her face with the light of returning consciousness upon it, her fair hair framing it, went with me as we entered the dining room again and closed the door."

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE rain was still falling heavily and remorselessly, as it seemed, as I closed the dining room door upon myself and Horrocks, but it was not falling with the same steady downpour which had accompanied my ride from Llanarvon: the wind had risen during the interval, and blew roughly, but uncertainly, in sudden violent gusts which every now and again dashed the rain against the broad plate glass windows of the Glen House, with a fierce, hissing sound. It was very dark, the sky was heavy and lowering, the house shut in by hills, caught the gloom sensibly, the fire in the dining room had burnt into a red glowing mass, which gave forth no flame to illuminate the gloom of the room, and gave the features of the dead man a transient look of life, as it had done a few minutes previously.

"His rest looked very peaceful and solemn as I stood for a moment contemplating it, thinking what a superb specimen of manhood had been suddenly deprived of life, one, too, who was surrounded by all that seems to make life beautiful, and desirable, and good. Perhaps I over-rated the power of wealth, perhaps it had not given him happiness; it does not do so always, as many a rich man will testify.

"Turning away from the couch, I crossed the room, motioning Horrocks to follow me, and stationed myself in one of the recesses of the deep windows; these were shaded by heavy velvet curtains, and the deep window-seats were comfortably cushioned. I felt, however, too anxious and restless to sit down; my mind was full of doubt and anxiety and distress. I stood leaning against the heavy oaken frames, while Horrocks stood opposite, waiting with an air of subdued excitement and expectation, his face full of curiosity and trouble.

"It was some minutes before I broke the silence; the wind-driven rain dashed against the windows with a violence which seemed to threaten the stout plate-glass in their frames; the trees outside bowed and bent to the storm; the prospect before the windows was dreary enough to make me shudder, as I turned from it and addressed the butler.

"'I am going to speak to you in confidence,' I said, gravely and impressively; 'I feel that I can do so. Your long service, which has also been I am sure a faithful service, will justify my doing so in the—the very difficult position in which I am placed.'

"'You may trust me, sir,' the man said, with a grave, steady simplicity which I liked.

"'I believe I may,' I replied; 'but first I must ask you to order a groom to be in readiness to ride to the telegraph office at Llanarvon station. I presume you can furnish me with the addresses of your master's relations?'

"The man's answer was brief, but to the point.

"'He has no relations, sir.'

"'No relations!' I echoed in surprise.

"'None, sir. He was an only son, as I have often heard him say, and his parents, my late master and mistress, died many years ago.'

"'Has he no intimate friends to whom I can send?' I asked. 'You can get me his lawyer's address, of course, and perhaps I had better consult Mrs. Beaumont as to whom she would wish to send.'

"'Sir,' replied the servant earnestly, and with evident sincerity; 'I am sure when you see my mistress, you will say that she is in no fit state to be troubled. She is very young, and she was in the room this morning when my master was taken, and her senses seemed to leave her from the terror.'

"I looked at him keenly, and he went on—

"'I will take the risk, sir,' he continued as earnestly. 'My master often allowed me to act on my own judgment. I shall be glad to carry out any directions you may wish to give. I beg of you not to send for my mistress for any instructions, but to do what you may consider right to be be done under those dreadful circumstances.'

"The man's manner impressed me strongly, and I hesitated no longer.

"'I will do so,' I said quietly. 'I hope I shall do right. Unfortunately now an hour more or less cannot signify, and we will do what we think right.'

"My position was certainly a painful one, I knew that the unfortunate master of the Glen House had died from poison, and I feared to take any action which could hinder the discovery of how it had been administered, or the cause of justice. From where I stood in the recess I could see through the opening in the curtains, the motionless form upon the couch, the upturned beautiful, marble face, the hands crossed reverently upon his breast, a great diamond gleaming on the finger of the left hand. I felt the responsibility and anxiety of my position keenly, and I am sure my face was pale as I addressed my companion.

"'My position here,' I said gravely, 'is both peculiar and painful. We are so far from any town, so utterly out of reach of immediate advice and assistance, that I feel the responsibility keenly. Indeed the position is so difficult an one that I hardly know how to proceed. In my experience I have had nothing which could help me in this matter; we must act together, and I think, nay, I feel sure, that I can depend upon your assistance.'

"'I will do my best, sir,' he said earnestly.

"'Then answer my questions as frankly and fully as you can,' I rejoined. 'It will be the best service you can render your late master, and—I could not help my voice shaking a little as I thought of her—'his poor wife.'

"'You may depend upon my doing so,' he said quietly, and his evident sincerity and singleness of purpose impressed me favorably.

"'The housekeeper,' I began thoughtfully. 'You called her Miss Hester; what is her name?'

"'It is Brand, sir.'

"'Well, she said a few minutes since that your master and mistress did not agree well together.'

"'She did, sir.'

"'Was her assertion true?'

"'It was, sir, I am grieved to say.'

"'They were not happy?'

"'No, sir.'

"'How was that?'

"The butler hesitated a little.

"'I do not know, sir,' he said, 'except it was the difference of age between them.'

"'Difference of age?' I repeated. 'Mr. Beaumont looks a young man.'

"'He was not old, sir; but he would have been forty-three on his next birthday in January, and my mistress is only twenty. She is very young for her years, too,' he continued; 'or rather, she used to be until they came here.'

"'She did not like being here?'

"The butler looked out at the gloomy landscape, the dark, lowering sky, the hills rising against it and seeming to mingle with it in one dark, threatening mass. The look was eloquent.

"'Is it likely, sir?' he asked with a slight shrug of his shoulders. 'My mistress has been used to gaiety and visitors and balls: it was hardly to be expected that she should settle down here with any pleasure.'

"'Not unless she cared for her husband,' remarked; 'in which case she would not have minded so much.'

"I could not help thinking at the moment, of my own dear wife, who had not hesitated to leave her own bright family circle, and the lively county town, of which she was the belle, to share my lonely home in the Welsh hills, and who had always seemed happy, even under adverse circumstances.

"'Was that the cause of their disagreement?' I asked.

"'No, sir.'

"'There was another reason?' I asked, looking at him quickly.

"'Yes, sir—the reason why he brought her here. My mistress is thought very handsome, and Mr. Henry—I mean Mr. Beaumont—was very jealous.

"I gave a sudden, sharp exclamation which I could not repress, and looked at him with swift and sudden scrutiny. With a quickness of perception which the other had not attributed to him, he interpreted the look, and interpreted it correctly.

"'He had no reason, sir,' he said quickly. 'My mistress liked admiration and pleasure, naturally, but that was all. No one ever spoke lightly of her, or had occasion to do so, otherwise—we servants hear everything, sir—we should have heard. But my master's jealousy quite blinded him, sir.'

"'You are loyal to your mistress,' I said quietly.

"'I am just, sir,' he answered promptly. 'I had known my master from boyhood, and he was a good friend to me, and I loved him; but he was not just to my mistress. My mistress has her faults, no doubt, but young as she is, she is a proud lady, too proud to let herself be spoken of as some ladies are spoken of; and I am only telling you what I believe. I loved my master,' he went on, his voice a little unsteady: 'I have known and served him, man and boy, for thirty years, but I cannot help owning that he was not always just or patient with his young wife.'

"'You are an honest fellow!' I said, involuntarily extending my hand to him, in an impulse of cordiality I could not resist. 'It is fortunate for us all, that you are so worthy of confidence. So your master and mistress lived unhappily together?'

"'Unfortunately yes, sir,' he answered. 'My mistress did not wish to come into Wales; she resented coming here very much.'

"'So much that other members of the household besides yourself and the housekeeper were aware of that resentment?'

"'Yes; it has been spoken of in the servants' hall, I am sorry to say.'

"'Who was blamed for it?'

"'My master, sir, chiefly; especially by the maid-servants, who did not like being here any better than the mistress herself.'

"'Have you ever heard angry words between your master and mistress?'

"'I am sorry to say that I have, sir,' said Horrocks in a distressed voice, a look of shame crossing his face.

"'Often?'

"'Tolerably often, sir.'

"'Recently.'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Have the discussions or quarrels been more frequent of late?'

"'Yes, sir. My mistress did not seem to mind much until they came here. She used to laugh sometimes, and pretend to think Mr. Henry was joking, and sometimes she used to cry and tremble, and even faint, when Mr. Henry had left her, her maid told me. She was timid and nervous until they came here; then she changed somewhat.'

"'How?'

"'She seemed to grow desperate, sir. She was so lonely. She did not seem to care what became of her. Mr. Beaumont liked riding and driving, but she would never go with him. She sat at home alone, or mooned about the grounds moping like. She had no friends, you see, sir; she who had had so many; she had no one to talk to even.'

"'There was Miss Brand.'

"'My mistress never liked Miss Brand, Doctor Price. If she had had her will, Miss Hester would have been sent away long ago.'

"'But this seems rather tyrannical conduct on Mr. Beaumont's part.'

"'Mr. Henry liked his own way, sir, and has been used to have it all his life. He was fond of my mistress and proud of her, very proud, but he was determined to break her in. I heard him say so.'

"'To her?'

"'To Miss Brand, sir, in her presence,' the man replied.

"'Miss Brand enjoyed his confidence then I asked. 'She has lived in his service

for some time?"

"'Miss Brand is not a servant, sir. Mr. Henry treated her as an equal. It was she herself who called herself the housekeeper. She was my late mistress's adopted daughter, said Mrs. Beaumont, I took her when she was quite a child, and educated her and treated her as if she were her own child. When my late mistress died, Miss Hester remained at Mr. Beaumont's estate, the Towers. He did not live here himself until he married; he was always traveling abroad.'

"A silence followed: the butler's story had interested me greatly, and the last few sentences had explained Miss Brand's superior refinement and grace. I could not help wondering a little that Mr. Beaumont had not loved this beautiful woman who had been so well known to him, and who had evidently loved him with a great and passionate love. I thought, too, how great his anguish must have been when he brought home his wife, and wondered if he could have found one more beautiful than Hester Brand.

"I can hardly tell when during our conversation the suspicions had struck me, which he deepened every moment since. Heaven knows that I was reluctant to entertain them for one brief moment, but they would not be dismissed. Of what would not a woman rendered desperate by injustice and unfounded jealousy be capable?

"'Where do your mistress's friends live?' I asked.

"'My mistress is an orphan, sir. She has but one sister, who is married and lives in India.'

"I could not repress a vexed sigh, everything seemed to add to the difficulty of the situation.

"'Have you heard harsh words from Mr. Beaumont to his wife, lately?' I asked after a pause.

"'As lately as last night, sir, when I took tea into the drawing room after dinner.'

"'Who waited at breakfast this morning?'

"'I did, sir.'

"'Were you in the room when your master was taken ill?'

"'I was not, sir. Only my mistress was with him.'

"'They were not on bad terms still, I suppose?'

"'No, sir, Mr. Henry looked quite happy, and my mistress was different, gentler and quieter. He kissed her, too, when he said good morning to her, and she smiled; it was rather a forced smile, but it made her look happier. She looked very ill and nervous, and as white as the tablecloth, sir. When I put the hot dishes on the table, I left the room and did not go back until the bell rang violently. I found my master standing supported by my mistress, evidently suffering greatly. I helped him to a couch and got some brandy. He seemed half unconscious; she was supporting his head upon her shoulder. I gave her the brandy to give him, but——'

"He paused, turning very pale as he recalled the painful scene.

"'But——?' I said gently, greatly interested in his narration.

"But he opened his eyes, looked at her in such a strange way, and pushed away the brandy, trying to speak and panting for breath. My mistress was trembling very much, and seemed ready to faint as she shrank away a little; then all of a sudden he put out his hand and drew her again to his side and laid his head on her shoulder. I sent off for you, sir, but I think he did not live many minutes; he lay against her shoulder with her arms round him; he was breathing heavily and gasping, his eyes were wide open, staring and glassy; he tried to swallow the brandy when she gave it to him, but he could not; his eyes closed then. I thought he was gone, but the next moment they opened and looked up at her with a look of such horror that it made me tremble. Then he said, in a strange, thick, hoarse voice, 'She has done for me! Poor Cecil!' and he turned his face to hers. 'Kiss me,' he said, and as she did so he fell back, rigid as he is now. We did all we could, sir, but—'

"'There was nothing to be done; he was dead. He could not have survived many minutes,' I told him, adding hastily, 'And your mistress?'

"She seemed turned to stone at first, sir; then like one whose wits were gone. After a little time her maid induced her to leave the room. We almost had to carry her, sir; she was shaking like a leaf, and could not stand.'

"'Did she speak—did she say anything?'

"'Not a word, sir. She never took her eyes off his face while she was in the room. I think the shock will kill her, Doctor Price!'

"'I will see her presently,' I said gravely, doubts and fears and suspicions crowding into my mind until I could scarcely think calmly. Trying to put these aside, for the present, at least, I wrote a telegram to Mr. Bevan, a lawyer and friend of the deceased, and despatched messages to Mr. Hopetoun, the coroner, and to the police station at Llanarvon; then, having locked the dining room door and removed the key, which I kept in my own possession until the arrival of the proper officials, I told Horrocks to send Mrs. Beaumont's maid to her mistress to inquire if she could see me, and sitting down in the hall, awaited her reply.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A PROFOUND silence reigned in the house. Either the servants were too much subdued by the terrible event which had taken place in their midst, even to discuss the subject with any animation, or their premises were too remote from the hall to allow their voices to reach it. The Glen House might have had no other occupant save myself and its dead master for all the signs of life and movement which were there. Outside, the wind moaned among the hills, and the rain fell heavily still, but within, the stillness was so intense that I started when it was broken by a soft frou-frou on the stairs. I looked up hastily, and saw Miss Brand coming slowly down, her fair hair falling over her shoulders, her long, dark-hued gown sweeping over the rich eastern carpets. She came on slowly, with a measured movement which made her walk almost mechanical; her face was white as death, her eyes fixed, her lips firmly set; there was no expression on her face, it was like a stiff, white mask, only the fixed and glassy eyes gave it a look of life.

"Although she passed quite close to my chair, she did not see me; the skirts of her dress swept over my feet, but she took no heed of my presence; nay, she was quite unaware of it. She crossed the hall, and, going straight to the dining room door, endeavored to open it. Finding it did not yield to her touch, she started and drew back, then tried again and failed. An angry exclamation broke from her, she turned away, putting her hand up to her forehead with a gesture of bewilderment. Rising, I advanced towards her; she looked at me steadily for a moment, then a gleam of recognition crept into her eyes.

"'Did you lock the door?' she asked very haughtily.

"I answered in the affirmative.

"'Why did you do so?'

"'Because I did not wish anyone to enter the room yet,' I replied quietly.

"'He is still there?' she asked, and I could see with what a convulsive pressure her fingers closed over the folds of her gown as she spoke.

"'Yes.'

"'Then by what right do you exclude me?' she asked passionately.

"'I exclude you as I have excluded others,' I replied coolly. 'Because I do not wish any intrusion there until——'

"'Until?' she queried breathlessly.

"'Until I have placed the matter in the hands of those competent to deal with it!'

"She looked at me wildly.

"'I—I do not understand,' she said faintly. 'What do you mean?'

"'I mean that the circumstances of Mr. Beaumont's death must be carefully inquired into by people competent and empowered to do so.'

"She swayed slightly backward as if she were going to fall, but rallied immediately.

"'Go on,' she said imperiously. 'I do not understand yet.'

"'Do you not?' I said coldly yet gently. She angered me, yet she aroused my compassion. 'Then, in plain words, there will have to be an inquest. Mr. Beaumont died from poison. We must ascertain, if possible, how it was administered to him; whether the case is one of suicide, of accidental death, or of murder.'

"She was silent for a moment, then she inclined her head.

"'Thank you,' she said quietly. 'I understand now.'

"She turned away and walked quietly upstairs again, but it seemed to me that, calm as she was, she walked slowly and with difficulty, and that her hand leaned heavily on the carved oak rail of the balustrade.

"I resumed my seat, saddened and puzzled; this woman seemed such a strange mixture of weakness and strength, of reserve and passion. I could believe her to be capable of a most devoted and passionate love and equally capable of a deep and ardent hatred. I fancied that as she had loved Mr. Beaumont with a great and passionate devotion, so she hated his young wife as deeply and as passionately.

"My reverie was interrupted by the simultaneous appearance of Horrocks and a smartly-dressed maid-servant, looking alarmed and excited.

"'Mrs. Beaumont is not in her room, sir,' said the butler anxiously. 'We cannot find her in the house!'

"'How is that?' I asked, rather sharply. 'The maid should not have left her.'

"'I did not leave her, sir,' the woman said tearfully, 'until Miss Brand came and sent me away. I stayed with her until she was better. She was calmer when Miss Brand came, and she said if my mistress were ill she would ring for me, and sent me away.'

"'Where is Miss Brand now? Inquire whether she left Mrs. Beaumont in her rooms.'

"'I did ask her, sir,' replied the maid. 'She said, "Yes, of course," and was angry with me for asking. Oh, Mr. Horrocks, I believe she has run away and destroyed herself!'

"'If you cannot talk sense, you had better say nothing,' the butler said angrily. 'I am afraid she must have gone out, sir,' he added, turning to me; 'she was always so fond of going into the grounds.'

"'This is no weather for her to be out,' I said dejectedly.

"'She had only a thin white peignoir,' the maid interpolated; 'she would be wet to the skin in five minutes.'

"'The sooner we ascertain where she is the better,' I remarked curtly. 'There is no time to be lost.'

"Desiring the maid-servants to make a closer search in the house, Horrocks and myself and some of the men-servants went out into the grounds, and there, after nearly an hour's search, we found her, the poor child!

"Self-possessed surgeon as I am, accustomed to sad sights in the exercise of my profession, a thrill of alarm and apprehension shook me when I first caught sight of a white object thrown down, as it seemed, at the foot of one of the elm trees in the shrubbery, like a flower beaten down with storm and rain. She was so still, so utterly motionless, that at first, as Horrocks and I bent over her, we thought that she was insensible, but at the first gentle touch of my hand on her arm she shuddered all through her slight frame, to which the drenched garments were clinging like cerements.

"Her face was hidden; all I could see was a slender form and a profusion of golden hair, which was plaited round her head so closely and tightly that it still retained much of its dainty orderliness. Never before had I seen such beautiful hair, it struck me even then; it was not perhaps quite so luxuriant, plentiful though it was, as Miss Brand's; but while the latter was of a dull, fair, flaxen hue, this was of that pure golden tint like threads of yellow floss silk which one sees on children's heads, but rarely on that of a grown-up person.

"Making a sign to Horrocks to speak to her—I thought his voice, being familiar to her, would perhaps startle her less than my own—I waited anxiously, standing where her eyes would not rest upon me when she raised her head. Twice the butler spoke to her in a voice stirred by emotion, with a gentleness which I could not but admire, but she did not heed; it was only when, putting him aside, I lifted her to her feet, that she showed any consciousness, save that long shudder, of our presence. Her eyes met mine full of affright and terror and distress. At any other time her beauty would have forced an exclamation from my lips, but I was too anxious and alarmed to give it more than a passing thought. Yet, even in her extreme pallor and agitation and distress, she was wonderfully lovely. Her beauty was as delicate as Miss Brand's was massive and stately, but it was quite its equal, while her face acquired an added charm by the fact that her eyebrows and eyelashes were quite black, and contrasted sharply with the gold of her hair.

"'What is it?' she said, in a low, trembling tone, looking from one to the other with no more recognition in her eyes as they rested on Horrocks than when they rested on me. 'Who wants me? Can't you leave me alone? I am not doing any harm; but it is cool here and my head burns so.'

"'We want you to return to the house,' I said gently. 'This is no place for you, Mrs. Beaumont; you are wet and cold, and you will make yourself ill if you remain out here.'

"She looked at me vacantly.

"'I cannot go back to the house,' she said, shaking her head, which had sunk forward on her breast; 'she is there. She drove me out; she said that I—that I—that I——' She put up her hands to her head, evidently making a strong effort to recall something. 'I forget,' she said dreamily in a minute,—'but it does not matter; only I cannot go back to the house, or' (bending forward and speaking confidentially) 'she will kill me, you know!'

"Horrocks looked at me, amazement and fear in his glance. I saw at once that the unhappy girl's mind had given way under the shock of her husband's death, and that brain fever was almost inevitable after the excitement and exposure.

"It required all our efforts and no little diplomacy to induce her to return to the house, but at length we succeeded in winning her confidence and she consented to do so. She walked between us quickly, with feverish strength. Once or twice she stumbled and would have fallen but for our assistance; but she seemed scarcely conscious of our presence, or of the pouring rain, or of her drenched garments. She muttered a few inarticulate words once or twice, but that was all.

"As we reached the house, however, a gleam of consciousness crept into her eyes; she paused and began to tremble very much, resisting my efforts to lead her into the house. 'Not there, not there; anywhere but there!' she muttered. But I was by this time so anxious to have her under shelter, and her wet and dripping clothes removed, that I gently insisted and led her, still resisting, into the hall.

"Some of the women servants were waiting there. They came hurrying forward with exclamations of surprise and pity, and I was giving Mrs. Beaumont's maid some hurried directions, when Miss Brand came down the broad oaken staircase, looking calm and composed, her hair bound up, and all traces of agitation effaced save her extreme pallor.

"Her appearance had an instantaneous effect on Mrs. Beaumont, who was crossing the hall, leaning on her maid; she stopped and stood still, staring at her as if she were suddenly turned to stone; then she began to beat the air violently with her hands, and shriek after shriek sounded through the house. I hurried to her; she caught my arm with one hand, and with the other pointed to Miss Brand, who stood looking down at her with an expression of hatred and contempt I have never seen surpassed on any human face.

"'See, see! Look at her!' Mrs. Beaumont cried out wildly; then her hold on my arm relaxed, the wild light died out of her eyes as she sank unconscious into my arms. When she recovered from that swoon, she was unconscious of her bereavement, raving in fever, and she recognized no one about her.

"It is fortunate that there has been nothing here that my assistant could not manage, as I have been at the Glen House all day, and must return there early in the morning for the post-mortem; the inquest is to be held to-morrow at five p. m. Most fortunate it is that Robert is spending a few days here with us; he will spend the night at the Glen House, for Mrs. Beaumont is too ill to be left. It is hard on Bob, perhaps, that his holiday should be broken into in this way, but he is such an enthusiast in his profession that no holiday could supersede a case in his estimation, and I think Mrs. Beaumont's beauty and loveliness have inspired my brother-in-law with quite a chivalrous pity. He is a clever fellow, and I have not the least fear of leaving her in his care.

"18th November. We have just returned from the Glen House, where with Bob's assistance I performed the post-mortem examination. The result is what I anticipated; he died from a dose of prussic acid. Every organ was healthy; he was a man of unusual physical strength, and must have enjoyed most excellent health. It is most sad to think of such a life being so suddenly cut off. He must have swallowed the poison in whatever he drank at breakfast. Robert and I agree that Mrs. Beaumont's illness is likely to be a very serious one. Mr. Bevan has telegraphed; he will arrive here to-morrow morning, and this relieves me of great responsibility and much anxiety.

"19th November. It was too late yesterday on my return from the inquest, or rather perhaps I was too much upset to write up my journal. Rarely have I been so angered, so infuriated, never have I seen such pigheaded stupidity and dulness of apprehension as I saw yesterday in the coroner's jury in my twelve enlightened countrymen who have given the verdict of wilful murder against Cecil Beaumont. Yet I feel that my anger is unreasonable, and that I myself until I saw her was not without some suspicion of her guilt, and it was only perhaps natural that they should think so: although the proofs against her are very slight, there are none whatever against anyone else. They have issued a warrant against her, and as soon as she can be moved she will be taken to Ashe to gaol to await her trial.

"These are simple, every-day words, yet how full of meaning they are, how full of anguish. This poor child seems in a most lonely and terrible position. She has, so far as we can ascertain, no relations or friends; with her husband she seems to have lost everyone. None of the servants, Horrocks especially, are faithful and devoted to her, and I think Horrock's belief in her utter innocence is a strong proof in her favor, for he loved his master and was a faithful servant to him.

"At present, poor soul, she knows nothing of her terrible position; brain fever has got her fast in its terrible clasp; perhaps it will be well if the clasp does not slacken until it leaves her cold and still in death. Not that I fear, as yet, any fatal termination to the illness; she is not robust, perhaps, but her constitution is perfectly sound, and she is so young.

"Mr. Beaumont is to be buried in the family vault in the cemetery at Winchester; Horrocks and some of the servants accompany the body. Mr. Bevan, who is a lawyer of the old school—grave, reserved, not very brilliant, I should judge, makes all the necessary arrangements; he seems quite overwhelmed with the position in which the poor young widow is placed, and I find myself wishing that the poor child had someone sharper and more energetic to look after her interests. Still, of course, he will be sure to do the best he can for her, and since, as he tells me, she inherits Mr. Beaumont's entire fortune, with very few exceptions, there will be no need to spare expense.

"17th November. Mrs. Beaumont is better. To-day, for the first time, she has had a short sleep, and it was a great relief to see her lying quietly, with the lids hiding the great, wild eyes. I rather fear her return to the consciousness of the truth. Most of the servants have left the Glen House; Mr. Bevan has sent a couple of trained nurses from London, so that she is well cared for and my anxiety is greatly lessened. Miss Brand remains, however, and I have been forced to give stringent orders that she should not be allowed to enter the sick room, the sight of her always caused great excitement and agitation in my patient. She is a strange woman whom I do not pretend to understand; she is always, when I see her, calm and composed, but that she has suffered acutely is evident from her changed appearance. I was much surprised that she did not go to Winchester for the funeral, but she probably has good reason for remaining here until Mrs. Beaumont is better.

"Her evidence at the inquest, I felt sure, strongly influenced the verdict, for she spoke so bitterly of the misunderstanding between the dead man and his wife, and of the latter's passionate resentment and hatred of her husband. Her beauty, too, was not without effect, perhaps; she looked most beautiful in her sorrow, and the black dress she wore heightened the snow-white of her skin and the almost colorless flaxen hue of her hair. My kind brother-in-law, Robert, is here still, devoting his holiday to my patients, and so sparing me much anxiety and trouble, as riding from place to place takes up so much time in a scattered practice like mine, that it requires a longer time to see three or four patients than a fortunate town doctor need give to a dozen or more."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TOM ANJERRY, of the University of Texas, has trouble in meeting his bills. To a pressing creditor he said: "I can't pay you anything this month." "That's what you told me last month." "Well, I kept my word, didn't I?"

IN THE LANE.

BY MAY PROBYN.

"It is nothing," we said, "though we have to wait—
We are young—we are both of us young."
My love was a lad leaning over the gate—
(All that song has been sung.)

"It is nothing," we said, "though we have to part—
It will all come again, we know."
That was a long time ago, sweetheart,
A long time, a long time ago.

The hedges were flowering against the red sky—
Linnets sang loud in the tree—
He plucked me three roses, and bade me good-bye—
(The roses are withered, all three.)

Is it death, is it life, that kept us apart?
Shall I know? shall I ever know?
It is all such a long time ago, sweetheart,
Ages and ages ago.

A DOUBLE LIFE.

BY S. U. W.

CHAPTER I.

MRS. EDWARD ARCHERSON was not an attractive little woman, but she had a thousand a year of her own, and people generally supposed that that was why "Teddy A.," as his friends called him, had rather suddenly married her.

He was known to be hard up and tolerably in debt, he had done nothing at the Bar, and it seemed unlikely that he ever would do much. At Cambridge he had been exceedingly popular, played an excellent hand at whist, and took a very mild degree.

After he came to London, his rooms being pretty and his landlady obliging, he felt that it would be utter folly not to entertain; so he entertained a good deal. There was a bailiff downstairs one evening, while Teddy upstairs was giving one of his most successful parties, and after that things came to a crisis.

"Something will have to be done, or I shall bust up," he said to himself. "Must turn over a new leaf and be respectable, for this sort of thing can't go on."

And it didn't go on. He turned over the new leaf, to a certain extent, and became moderately respectable, openly laughing at himself all the time.

Then, perhaps, thinking it was no use doing things by halves, he suddenly became very respectable indeed, married Mildred Benson after a short engagement, and settled down to hard work, routine, and the ways of domesticity. His wife was a good gentle little soul with a pale face, rather pathetic gray eyes, and a quantity of dull fair hair done up in very neat plaits. In manner she was quiet, seldom talked much, and was perhaps a little too tame; for it was absolutely certain—and that you knew directly you looked at her—that she would never make herself disagreeable to any one, come what might.

Moreover, she was one of those women who weep when they would do wiser to scorn. She was immoderately in love with Teddy when she married him, that was quite evident to every one, except perhaps to Teddy—a clinging worshipping love that expected little, exacted nothing, and satisfied itself in giving all, consciously asking no return.

Teddy, it was also equally evident, was only very moderately in love with her, and, as a natural consequence, took her love for him as a fact that was pleasant but not of much importance.

Still he was an attentive husband, he thought it good form to be attentive to his wife; besides, he was a gentleman, and there are some little evidences of being a gentleman that he thought a man should never forget to give.

So on the whole they got on very well together, and if there was not much billing and cooing there was never any bickering.

At first after their marriage they went out a good deal. Teddy took his wife to parties, and sometime to a theatre; but he never noticed what she wore, or with whom she talked, or took much interest in what she did or said.

Once they spent a day on the river—a whole day; but it was so long before evening time he would never repeat the experiment, though she enjoyed it enormously, so she said.

"The river is all very well, but it doesn't do with your wife," Teddy thought to himself. "She is horribly in the way, and makes everything feel played out."

After a time Teddy said he was tired of parties, and made excuses. It also became known in the family that he was disappointed at not having any little ones, for he had always been devoted to children: but he got over that after a few years. Then almost suddenly he took to staying a good deal at his club, and encouraging his wife to have her pretty cousin on a visit.

"It will be more fun for you to take Amy about than to go alone," he said, "and a relief to me; for I may often have to stay late at chambers for the next few months. I hate to feel that you are waiting when I can't get back to dinner or in time to take you out anywhere."

"But I would always rather stay at home when you can't go out," his wife answered. "I only care for parties for the pleasure of going with you."

"Yes, dear; but it looks better for one of us to be seen about—shows we are in the swim, and gives an air of prosperity to the house. Besides, I like to think that you are enjoying yourself, and not moping at home while I am wiring away over some difficult business."

"Could you not bring your work home sometimes, Teddy?"

It was quite a bright idea, she thought; but he gave his head a good professional shake.

"Oh, no, my dear, that would never do. Be as bad as a woman's home-made gown, which Charlie's wife said she could tell at a glance, do you remember? No, Millie, go and enjoy yourself, and don't trouble your head about me, there's a good little girl."

After that Mrs. Archerson always went about alone, or with her pretty cousin Amy, and Teddy's evenings were free.

It was astonishing how well and quickly Teddy got on; perhaps his wife's money helped, but his quick eyes and charming manner probably did a great deal more. No one knew how it was, but in less than no time, as things go in his profession, all manner of good work fell to him; he was a busy man, prosperous and rising. Yet, in spite of his increasing means, he steadily refused to add to his expenditure, or to launch out in any way.

And still he let his wife go out as much as she pleased (though she only pleased because he wished it), while he spent his evenings at his chambers or his club. Sometimes he stayed so late at the club that he did not return till next morning. Then Guy Forbes, Teddy's particular friend, set up a bachelor establishment at Richmond, and Teddy took to going to him once a week, always dining and sleeping, so that his wife did not see him at all till the next evening.

It did him good, he said, the air of Richmond was quite different from that of Kensington, which had never really agreed with him; he was afraid he might get headaches if he did not have an occasional change.

She bore it very well, but a time came in which the little woman's lip would sometimes quiver and her eyes fill with tears—nay, she would now and then shut herself up, and when she reappeared it looked very much as if she had been having a good cry.

"Don't you wish Edward would come out with us a little oftener, Mildred?" Amy asked one day. "I know I shouldn't like it if I had a husband, and if he left me to my own devices every evening."

"He has so much to do—it is very difficult to leave his work; and when he can he finds whist a greater rest than parties, especially when he can get a change of air too. It is very good of him to let us go about together as we do, dear Amy. Some husbands expect their wives to stay at home."

"That is all very well; but I should like a man who enjoyed taking me about himself."

"He doesn't care for parties. He said the other day that he had quite outgrown them."

"Was he very much in love when you were married?" Amy asked.

Mrs. Archerson reflected for a moment, and did not appear to like the question, for she answered, a little distantly:

"Oh, I don't know. I suppose so, or he would not have married me. Let us talk of something else, dear—people don't always show what they feel, or how much they feel. At any rate, they can't be always showing it, you know; it would be very tiresome and undignified."

That evening, after dinner, Amy wanted to write a letter for the late post—rather a long one, she said—and went upstairs to begin it. The Archersons stayed in the dining-room, lingering over the dessert; and something made Mrs. Archerson ask her husband:

"Did you love me very much when you married me, Teddy?"

He got up rather quickly, and went to the fire-place to light a cigarette.

"Yes, I suppose so, dear. What on earth makes you suddenly ask?"

She got up and stood beside him on the hearthrug.

"I was thinking—Amy told me to-day that Kate gets a letter from Herbert every morning. You used only to write to me once a week."

"Not a letter-writing man," he laughed, with an air of relief.

She looked up at him with a long, tender look, and an expression in her gray eyes that for the moment made her whole face different. Then she spoke in a low voice, that almost trembled:

"I know you—liked me, of course," she said, very humbly; "but—were you ever really in love with me—were you——"

"Yes, dear, of course," he interrupted, looking at the end of his cigarette; "don't get nervous about it. Don't you remember how we used to hang about in the woods at Chilworth?"

"Yes, I do," she answered; and his words carried conviction enough to her simple heart. "But do you care for me still—for me at all?" she went on nervously, determined to have the matter out and her fears set at rest; "or are you tired——"

He turned round, put down his cigarette, and looked back at her, into her bright eyes.

"What do you mean?" he asked, in an anxious, eager voice, as though he knew of some reason for her questioning.

But her manner changed suddenly, she was so unused to excitement; she had always despised it. And now she felt foolish, almost guilty of something—he did not know of what.

"You don't seem to care much," she said softly. "You never seem to like being with me. You never take me out——"

"Too busy, my dear child. Lots of men make their wives do the going-out alone, while they grind at their work."

"Ah, but you never seem to care what I do or say, or anything about me. You are very kind in many ways, I know; but you never seem to—to—I sometimes wonder if I were very, very ill, whether you——"

But she broke down helplessly in what she wanted to say; she was not good at making out a case.

"You silly little woman," he laughed, and put his arm round her waist and kissed her in a kindly affectionate manner that had nothing of the lover in it—"what is the matter? I expect very few people spoon after five or six years of marriage," he added slowly.

"It is not that," she answered hurriedly, half-ashamed; "but if I could only know that you ever loved me, that you really love me still?"

She said it almost as an entreaty, longing for his answer. He looked at her again—at her eyes, that had a strange fear and tenderness in them to-night; he remembered swiftly how often they were dull and expressionless, and wondered at it—at her pale face and thin commonplace figure. An almost sad look came over him for a moment, while he answered:

"I should be a brute if I did not love you Mildred. You are a good little soul—a thousand times too good for me."

And then Teddy smoked his cigarette intently, as if to steady himself after what he felt had been almost a scene.

"I'll tell you what," he said, when he had enjoyed a few minutes' thoughtful smoking, "I'll get stalls and take you both to the play to-morrow, you and Amy. It is a long time since we went anywhere; a little spree will cheer us up and do us good, eh?"

He went back to the table and helped himself to the claret, and she followed him mechanically. She had a way of pattering after him, as he called it, that worried him sometimes; it was like a cat, a gentle, affectionate cat, but still it worried him. They both sat down to the table again: she considering the question about the play.

"I thought you were going to Richmond to-morrow?" she said.

"Never mind; I'll throw Guy over for once. Some claret, darling?"

It was quite an age since he had called her darling; it made her heart feel like a feather as she heard it. What a goose she had been! He was just as fond of her as other men were of their wives, only he was not demonstrative.

Dear Teddy, he was so much taken up with his work that he had little time to think of other things; and when he had, it was so natural that he should try to get as thorough a change as possible. She pushed her glass towards him.

"Yes, some claret"—and then a servant entered.

"If you please, sir," the maid said, "a man has come with this card-case; he says he found it in Staterton Road, Clapham, last night."

Teddy knocked the claret jug against his wife's glass, and stained the table-cloth.

"Yes—well—how does he know it's mine?"

"He says he found the address on the cards inside; and he wants to know if there's any reward?"

"But you were not at Clapham last night, Edward, were you?" Mrs. Archerson asked.

She generally called him Edward before the servants; she thought it sounded better.

"Here, give him this—far more than it's worth—an old card-case and half-a-dozen pasteboards. Confound him! No, dear," he said when the servant had left the room. "I suppose it was picked up at the club or somewhere, and dropped again there."

"Yes, that must have been it. But how very odd that it should have been lost twice in one day," she answered innocently.

"Perhaps the fellow who found it first was disgusted at its not being something better, and threw it away."

"Perhaps that was it," she laughed. "Do you know, Teddy dear, your hand quite trembled when Janet brought it in. That was how you spilt the wine."

"Too many cigarettes, they make one nervous. I am glad we are going to the play to-morrow. We might have a little dinner somewhere first, be a treat for Amy. What do you say?"

"Yes," she answered gratefully.

Then he looked at her again. She was a good little soul, he thought; but it was impossible to help being a little bored by her, she was so curiously lacking in charm.

"Then that's agreed. Now I must go out, unfortunately."

He looked at his watch, and there was a tone of relief in his voice.

"Don't sit up for me, dear. Good-night."

As if he reproached himself for his critical thoughts of a minute before, or as if some half-tender remembrance overtook him, he stopped for a moment by the doorway and looked back at her.

"Don't be foolish again," he said. "I would do anything to make you happy, Millie dear."

CHAPTER II.

NEARLY a year had passed. It was the end of October, and the Archersons had come back to town. Teddy Archerson was more devoted than ever to his work, his whist, and his bachelor friend at Richmond.

He had been thoroughly restless in the North; even the shooting when it began did not engross him as it had formerly. The fact was, he told his wife, that, in spite of its being vacation-time, there were many things that needed his presence in town—things concerning the great case of Willoughby V. Conyers, on which he was among the junior counsel retained, and so on.

Once or twice he grew so anxious about his work that he ran up to town for a few days, and left Mildred down in Fifeshire. It was a very wet season, and she could stay indoors and do needlework; but he grew impatient in a country-house in bad weather, and a little spell of work would do him good, he said.

After they were back at Kensington again he seemed to care less and less for society, his friends almost lost sight of him, except in a professional sense.

Even when those with whom he had formerly been most intimate asked him and his wife to cosy little winter-season dinners he generally made excuses, though he was always glad when Mildred found courage to go alone.

He was getting on so well, was so successful in all he undertook, that he made their single-horse a pair, and gave her a brougham as a supplement to the victoria she had always had; it was much nicer than jobbing, he said, especially as she went about a good deal alone.

On her birthday, too, he gave her quite a beautiful diamond bracelet; and his manner was always gentle, it was sometimes oddly deferential. But he never seemed happy, nay, even content, to be much in her society.

Anything he could do for her comfort, anything she wanted, or he fancied she wanted, he was ready enough to give her, though he always refused to take a larger house or to live on a more expensive scale; but being with her made him impatient or restless or absent—in short, he always seemed as if he wished he were somewhere else.

At last, in spite of his presents and gentleness, try as she would, it was no good, she could not satisfy herself with her own excuses and arguments any longer, she grew restless and unhappy.

Other women's husbands could take them out or stay at home contented and happy; and why not hers? She was not very pretty or clever or fascinating, but Edward had known what she was when he married her.

Besides, lots of women not one whit better than she had devoted husbands. She felt that he was anxious, to be kind; she could not remember that he had ever said a single cross word to her; but virtually she lived alone.

She sat and thought it over for the thousandth time one afternoon early in December. She looked round the room—a trim, well-kept room, with everything in its place, everything pretty and carefully arranged, and yet that somehow lacked coziness.

It looked as if it had never been untidy, as if no one had ever sat there dreaming a day-dream or dozing in the twilight, or telling little confidential stories over its crackling fire.

She wondered why Teddy always looked so uncomfortable, so like a stranger in it. She could not tell. Beside her was a little tea-table, and on it a tray with a cup and saucer and a plate with two slices of thin bread-and-butter.

It told much to discerning eyes. No charming woman has one solitary cup brought in for her afternoon tea; she knows how unlikely it is that she will drink it alone, and a second cup is put ready.

Somebody is sure to come—some merry little married woman whose husband will not be at home that day; some happy girl who has been shopping, or forlorn bachelor who remembers that her tea is sure to be good, her talk bright, and her sympathy certain, and who thinks how pleasantly she will make an hour pass before he betakes himself to his club.

But cozy chats of this sort were unknown to Mrs. Archerson. She was a little dull to the married woman, she had no attraction for girls, and men felt strange and awkward with her.

They never quite know what to talk about; she did not care for books or politics, she never contrived to be in the swing of the gossip of the moment; moreover she had some old-fashioned prejudices she felt it a study to stand by, that made her rather difficult to get along with.

Just as people were trying to be a little intimate with her they found they had to pick and choose carefully their subjects of conversation.

It was told of her by a cousin of Teddy's that she had stated openly that she seldom read books, unless they were religious, when it was a duty to read them; or historical, when it was instructive.

Poetry she did not care for unless it rhymed and flowed very easily; and novels as a rule she considered immoral. Was not the "Vicar of Wakefield" a strange story? and were the scenes between the Knight and Jewess in "Ivanhoe" fit for modest women to read?

If she had had daughters they would have read neither till matrimony had overtaken them. As for modern novels, she left them alone, perhaps to her profit, and certainly to the development of her natural gravity.

At parties, where she saw most of life and gathered the majority of her ideas, she merely stood in a crowd with the rest, saying now and then a word or two to this person or that, noticing the gowns of her friends, and wondering how it was that others contrived to look so much more lively than herself.

Altogether she had little enough material to form lively talk for her own tea-table. The result was that at five o'clock Mrs. Archerson was generally alone. Her callers left cards or came early, and having stayed a quarter of an hour went away with an air of having fulfilled a duty.

There are some people who seem born to put others through minor moral exercises; Mildred was one of them. And yet meanwhile, deaf and dumb, the woman's soul lived within its prison, unconsciously beating against its bars, longing to escape, wondering and weeping at its own limits, its own blindness, its own incapacity, having no power at all except to suffer without seeing the reason of it, or knowing any remedy.

But it was not yet time for her lonely tea; never did she allow herself to venture upon it before five.

She felt that the mistress of a household had no business to humor herself, for upon her depended the examples of method and punctuality that were so important to every member of it. And yet, how dull and weary she felt!

And how much—for women are comforted by small things—a cup of tea, and a cosy creeping nearer to the fire, or perhaps a love-story, or the playing of a few snatches on the piano, would have brightened things.

But this never dawned upon her. She sat, and dreamily waited—for nothing; her thoughts dwelling on the one subject that engrossed them always now, going over it again and again, always coming to no thoroughfare, and turning wearily back once more.

Presently, woman-like, she looked down at her dress; it was good enough, but not too well made; another woman would probably have called it dowdy.

At her throat there was some soft lace, badly arranged; it had not the picturesque touch that other fingers would have given it, or the prim fashioning that would have suited her perfectly, if she had but known how to manage it.

She raised her eyes to the mantel-shelf; there was a tiny Dresden china clock on it. She thought for a moment vaguely of the housemaid, and wished she dusted more carefully.

There were some little cut crystal vases full of yellow roses, though it was wintertime. She had told Teddy once, in a longing voice, that she had seen a bowl of them at Christmas-time at Mrs. Stanley's; and the next day he had ordered a florist to send her some every week.

It was very good of him; but she remembered how once, a few months after they were married, he had brought her home half-a dozen snowdrops, and she had kissed them every morning when she changed the water.

It was not possible to kiss flowers sent from a florist's. And then her eyes fell on Teddy's portrait, smiling down on her as he himself never smiled.

Her breast swelled, a lump rose in her throat, as she wondered of what it was that he had been thinking—of whom, that he had looked so happy, when that portrait was taken, so unconstrained, so thoroughly light-hearted.

It had not been taken very long; yet it was years since she had seen that look on his face when he was alone with her. She felt as if she depressed him now, as if she were a duty, a part of his routine of life, a relation, a something he had to take care of and look after, but his sweetheart, his dear wife, the woman of his heart—no, never.

It was all right, perhaps; many men grew absorbed in their work after they married, and merely took their wives in with the matter-of-course part of their lives. And yet all the women she knew, even the women with far less easy-going generous husbands than hers, were on a better footing than she—a footing that meant greater happiness, that was altogether more satisfying to their hearts and their womanly dignity. She put her face down on her hands for a moment, and shutting out the room and the memory of the last few years, thought over the time of her engagement. It had been a very happy one, for she had been very much in love, and unsophisticated enough to take it for granted that Teddy was also.

It never entered her head that her money could have had anything to do with her marriage. It simply never occurred to Mildred to suspect any one—much less her own husband—of meanness or untruth.

Yet now, looking back, she felt as he could not have cared much; she remembered that he had not seemed very eager even when he proposed.

He had written to her once a week—religiously once a week; but his letters had not been very full of endearment. They had satisfied her at the time, but now they seemed to have been almost cold;—for since her marriage she had once or twice been shown other girls' love-letters—they were vastly different from Teddy's to her. She sat and wondered, then suddenly rose, went to the glass over the china shelf at the end of the room and looked at herself, long and sorrowfully. And then she dimly understood it all.

She was a woman who would never win any man's intense love—a woman to marry for peace and quietness—one whom a man might be certain would never cause him a moment's uneasiness—but not a woman with whom to fall in love.

She looked at her soft and yet dull gray eyes, her only tolerable complexion, her lips that lacked form and color—at her slim figure that had no roundness, at her own youth that had none of the flush and sunniness of youth.

For a moment something like despair overtook her, and then a quick thankfulness that Teddy was so engrossed with his work and whist.

Perhaps it would never strike him, perhaps he would never see at all what she saw plainly. In future she would try to accept the inevitable, to be content with what she had; for she felt that it was impossible to get more, it was not in her to provoke it. It was perhaps lucky that Teddy did not go out oftener—did not care for women's society.

Who knows but what, seeing the difference, he might—but she could not even think of that! If Teddy were to care for another woman she should die. His neglect, his carelessness, his scant love-making, his absorption in his work—all these she could endure.

After all, was it not something to be his, to bear his name, to live beneath the same roof, to have all the affection and care he could spare time or remembered to give her? But if he had cared or were to care for any one else, it would kill her. It was a happy thing for her that women were not attractive to him, that he troubled so little about them.

It was five o'clock. She stopped her thinking as a matter of course, a little brass kettle was brought in, and after waiting a minute for the water to boil up over the spirit lamp, she made tea, then while it was drawing took up her knitting and worked, glad that some little part of the day's routine had claimed her attention. Suddenly there came a cheering sound that caused her to look up expectingly—the sound of the visitors' bell; and then there entered a pretty little woman, lively, and with plenty to say.

It was quite a novelty to see anyone so late in the afternoon; Mildred's face almost brightened into a laugh, she was so glad and surprised.

"I thought I should find you," Mrs. Carew said, sitting down and preparing for a cosy chat.

She had known Mildred for years—ever since her marriage; and had always rather gone out of her way to be cordial.

"Yes, I am longing for some tea," she added, as the second cup was brought in.

She pulled off her glove ready for some hot tea-cake, and then, seeing that there was none, put it on again. Tea-cake was just one of those things that Mrs. Archerson would not have, Mrs. Carew thought; but it was too cold for bread-and-butter.

"I have been shopping all the afternoon and am so tired," she said, putting her two little feet on the fender—"and so cold," she added, with an apologetic laugh for making herself so much at home.

"Shopping is very tiring," Mildred remarked.

"Oh dear, yes, very; and I always have to do mine in a hurry. I never have time for anything. I often wish our grandmothers could come back and see what busy lives women have nowadays. It would astonish them."

"I suppose they went about less than we do," Mildred said thoughtfully.

"Far less. It is a mere miracle that they did not get covered with moss, on the principle of the stone that never rolls. But they must have had an easy time. I wish I had been born a grandmother."

"I daresay they found plenty to do, after all," Mildred answered. "They looked after their homes better than we do."

"Made jam and dusted their own china. I am glad we don't. They took more trouble about their homes it is true, but less success; and they took very little trouble about their dress."

"But their dress was very pretty. Why, we copy it now!"

"Oh, yes, occasionally. But they always looked precisely the same, and all alike; and we are always looking different, which adds to our charm," Mrs. Carew laughed, "and prevents our husbands from getting tired of us, as our grandpapas often did of our grandmammas."

Mrs. Archerson thought the remark was not a very nice one, but she was too much interested in the subject to mind.

"Do you think," she asked slowly, "that anything one wears or does has any effect on one's husband—say three years after marriage?"

"Of course it has. Three years! Why, it has an effect thirty years after. I often think that it is a woman's own fault if he changes or grows tired of her. It is terrible to a man always to see the same thing before his eyes. she should take care not to become monotonous, not even to herself, for fear of growing stupid!"

"But how is she to avoid growing monotonous to herself? She can't make herself into somebody else to avoid getting tired of herself," Mildred said.

She was becoming quite excited in the conversation, feeling as if every moment Mrs. Carew might accidentally give her some recipe by which Teddy could be turned into a devoted husband.

"She can change—she can alter her dress, her amusements, her everything. Men grow tired of women who are always the same, just as they would tire of the same dinner every day. Besides, it would be so dull to one's self to be always the same; one would know so little, and be so narrow. Surely it is better to change with time, which is always changing?"

"I think men grow tired of their wives because they are there, under their control—because with marriage all the romance and necessity for love-making comes to an end," Mildred said.

"But wives are not entirely under their control," Mrs. Carew laughed. "And the romance and all the rest of it does not come to an end with marriage—unless the woman chooses. Let us be thankful for our station in life, my dear. The men much lower down beat their wives; and the men a little lower down—the second-rate men, and half-educated—have notions about keeping their wives in order, and treat them as puppets of which they must pull the strings. But that is over as far as the majority of us are concerned. I think wives now have a very good time; they do pretty much as they like. Men like pleasant companions; and if a woman only knows how to look nice and be nice, she has nothing to complain of."

"I don't believe in Woman's Rights," Mildred said nervously.

"Neither do I," answered Mrs. Carew. "But I believe in having a good time. And if we are only nice to our husbands, and take care not to be always the same, that's the fatal thing, we get an excellent time. I know I do—get my own way and fight Charlie as much as I like on various topics, and all the time am proud to feel that he is the stronger of the two, even if he does give way. We all like strong men, you know."

"Yes—when they love us," Mildred answered.

"Ah," Mrs. Carew said, with a little mock sigh—"yes, when they love us. It is a terrible thing to reflect how much we women depend for happiness on our affections. If we are only well-loved all the world is ours, and anyone else who pleases may have fame and wealth and everything life has to give, but that is not worth sixpence to one of us, unless we have also love. It is horrible! Give me some more tea—may I have another cup?"

And then poor Mildred's heart found courage to put the question she longed to ask all women she met.

"Is your husband as fond of you as ever—I don't mean is he kind only; but is he fond of you?"

"As much in love as the day we married—just. I mean him to remain so till the day I die."

"But if he altered—if he grew careless?"

"Ah, I should nip that sort of thing in the bud, for fear of getting my heart broken," she added.

"But how would you nip it in the bud?" asked Mrs. Archerson eagerly.

"I can't tell you at this moment," Mrs. Carew said, with an air of consideration; "but I should do it—or run away"—and seeing Mrs. Archerson look shocked, she added "or die."

There was nothing to shock her principles in the idea of dying, Mrs. Carew thought.

"Teddy is so much taken up with his work," Mrs. Archerson said.

"He is getting on. How proud you must be!"

And she looked up with a sympathetic glow on her pretty face, but it reflected none on Mildred's.

"His name is always in the paper now. What lovely roses! You must have some very kind friend at Nice who sends them?"

"No, they came from the florist's."

"How very extravagant! Charlie would give me a little wigging if I indulged in such luxuries."

"I don't; it is Teddy. He ordered them, and told Brooks to send enough every week to fill the glasses; he knows I like flowers."

"I call that being an attentive husband," Mrs. Carew said, arranging her cloak-clasp and preparing to go.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A SINGLE LIFE FOR WOMEN.—A great many Americans discourse on the freedom and independence of a single life for women.

It may be well enough to live single if you cannot marry; to be as independent and free as you would be; to have the whole community try to take charge of your business.

In the first place, if you are single and endeavor to maintain your position at the head of your affairs, you will find that no man will treat you as a friend and brother.

He will either be intensely patronizing or saucy in his conversation, or will entirely ignore what you say, or he will be polite, civil, courteous, according as his nature is domineering, brutal or chivalric.

He will somehow manage all business affairs, to make you understand fully that he, for one, thinks you have not found your true sphere, and that men alone are capable of conducting out-door affairs.

I have seen a great many independent single women, but they were all possessed of independent fortunes, or else they were under fifty years of age.

When I was a little girl I used to hear a very funny young man talk to his sister.

He used to say, "I tell you Sarah, I have seen something of life, and I really believe a wooden Injun is better than no man."

Then his sister would laugh and ask him if he did not think some women would be better off with a wooden Indian for a protector than with the men they had married.

The very funny young man has now a grown up daughter of his own, and I sometimes wonder if his faith in the value of wooden Injuns has undergone any change.

SILVIA A. MOSS.

"WOMEN are unreasonable creatures," observed Brown, as he ordered another for the boys. "Now, there's my wife. Before we were married, when I went to see her, she always thought it was too early for me to go home, and now I can't go home early enough to suit her."

Scientific and Useful.

SPOTS ON GILDING.—Spots may be removed by immersing the article in a solution of alum in pure, soft water. Dry with sawdust.

THE CAT-FISH.—The skin of the cat-fish is now tanned into leather in Germany. The new leather is tough, supple, and of good appearance. It is made into purses and shoe-laces.

TAKING IMPRESSIONS.—A good impression of any article of metal having a flat, ornamental surface, may be taken by wetting some note paper with the tongue and smoking it over a gas flame. The article is then pressed upon the smoked part, when a clear impression will appear.

FILTERS.—For a quick filter take a clear piece of chamois skin, free from thin places, cut it of the desired length, wash in a weak solution of sal-soda or any alkali to remove the grease, and rinse thoroughly in cold water before using. Tinctures, syrups, elixirs, and even mucilages, are filtered rapidly. A pint of the thickest syrup will run through in four or five minutes. By washing thoroughly after each time it is used it will last a long time.

TREATMENT FOR WARTS.—It is now fairly established, says a writer in a medical paper, that the common wart, which is so unsightly, and often so profuse on the hands and face, can be easily removed by small doses of sulphate of magnesia taken internally. Several children treated with three-grain doses of Epsom salts, morning and evening, were promptly cured. He cites the case of a woman whose face was disfigured by these excrescences, and who was cured in a month by a dram and a half of magnesia taken daily. Another medical man reports a case of very large warts which disappeared in a fortnight from the daily administration of ten grains of the salts.

DIFFERENCES OF WOOD.—Why two pieces of wood sawn from the same section of a tree should possess such very varied characteristics when used in different positions, a scientific writer remarks, has often puzzled observers. For example, a gate post is found to decay much faster if the butt end of the tree be uppermost, than would be the case if the top of the tree be placed in this position, the reason being that the moisture of the atmosphere will permeate the pores of wood much more rapidly the way the tree grew than it would in the opposite direction. Microscopical examination proves that the pores invite the ascent of the moisture, while they repel its descent.

Farm and Garden.

LIME.—The shell lime, which is much cheaper than stone lime, is excellent for agricultural purposes, and the best time to apply it is when the land has been plowed and old sod turned under.

STOCK.—Wet, muddy feet and legs are full as injurious to the lower order of animal life as they are to men. The animal avoids by instinct such unwholesome exposures; but man has obliged them to grovel about in such miserable places, and is therefore responsible for the results.

WATER SUPPLY.—It has been suggested that where drain tile is used the excess of water should be conducted to artificial ponds in order that it may be used for drinking water for stock and for procuring ice in winter. In this manner, it is claimed, there will not be so much water carried to the rivers to overflow them, while the evaporation from the ponds will assist in providing more rain.

PLANTING TREES.—When a tree is to be planted, the hole should be large enough to extend the roots naturally in all directions. The soil should be worked among the roots thoroughly and very firmly. When growing, every fibre is in close contact with the soil, and the tree is held so firmly that the winds cannot stir it. In planting, if the earth should be packed solid enough to hold the tree secure, it would certainly be an advantage.

CARE OF HAY.—Hay properly cocked will sustain very slight injury from remaining out through a storm. The cocks should be made high and small at the base, pressing the hay down firmly and evenly, and trim neatly. With the side of the foot knock the hay around the base well under, so that the water will shed directly on the ground. Should there be sign of rain when the hay shall have been out over one night, double the cocks, rake the scatterings and trim neatly.

THE CROPS.—An English physician has recently demonstrated that iron sulphate is an antidote for many of the most virulent epidemics which attack field and garden crops. These diseases are due to microscopic funguses, whose structures are built up in a somewhat different manner from the corresponding parts in other plants. It appears that the cellulose in these funguses is acted upon by iron sulphate, whereas in the higher plants the cellulose of the cell-walls is not influenced. The iron sulphate destroys the cellulose of funguses, but does not affect that of the attacked plant. It is, therefore, an antidote and destroyer of such parasitic germs and funguses as the potato disease, wheat mildew, etc.

THE fuller conceptions we gain of the true meaning of justice, the more we shall enter into its spirit, and the more it will actuate our lives.

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An Humble Life.

The choice of Hercules, and other pieces of a similar tendency to be found among the ancient moralists, were a beautiful and efficacious mode of conveying a fine moral lesson. They powerfully stimulated the minds of young persons to neglect the blandishments of vice, and to follow virtue over the rugged steep that leads to glory. Hercules made an honorable choice; and his example was intended to fire the soul with emulative ardor.

Ambition, like his, is useful, as it calls for those fine exertions which contribute to meliorate the condition of man, to improve all that providence has allotted him, to perfect art, and to adorn society.

Happy it is for the public that man is so formed as, for the sake of fame, to relinquish ease, and devote his time, his health and his life to labors which, while they dignify himself, enrich, embellish and aggrandize his country.

And great is the pleasure attendant on exertion, and sweet the reward of applauding fellow-creatures, when the exertion is virtuous and successful. But there is a great deal of unsuccessful exertion in pursuit of fame, and many, after sowing in pain and labor, reap only a harvest of disappointment.

For the sake of these and of others, who find not opportunity to distinguish themselves, it is useful to suggest consolatory topics; such as point out the pains and penalties of fame, and the ease and pleasure of a life led in retirement.

Nor is it fair to attribute whatever is said on this side of the question to the same motive which induced the fox to exclaim that the grapes were sour. There are certainly a thousand solid comforts to be enjoyed in an humble life which are bartered for the flattering distinction of popular applause.

He who is laboring to emerge from obscurity immediately draws upon himself the watchful eyes of competition. His equals, over whom he attempts to rise, shoot at him from the ground the shafts of envy, and those who have already risen assail him from the turret with the missile weapons of jealousy.

The success and final result of his attempts are doubtful; but, in the mean time, the wounds and arrows of outrageous enemies are sensibly felt, and often inflict on his peace a wound that admits no cure.

When a man is once rendered conspicuous, once becomes the subject of conversation, not only those who envy his distinction, but those who, from want of sense or of knowledge, misunderstand his conduct or mistake his meaning, employ themselves by secret influence or open enmity to bring him down to their own level.

The greatest excellence is the most likely to be misunderstood; for few are qualified to be competent judges of singular preeminence. It is a just opinion that they who would form a sound judgment in learning, in arts, or in life, of an exalted degree of perfection, must themselves possess it, and be able, while they give the criticism, to furnish the example.

From the malice of envy, the mistakes of ignorance, the levity of thoughtlessness, it is impossible that he who is lifted up and become a mark, should not frequently be wounded with a poisoned arrow.

If he has sensibility, his condition must be painful though it may be exalted. Like the traveler on the bleak hill, he must bide the pelting of the pitiless storm, and envy the shepherd in the vale his hovel and his cot.

It is a trite remark that the smallest specks are most visible in the whitest raiment. The common infirmities of human nature, arising from bodily sickness or momentary ill-temper, are noticed in conspicuous characters and exaggerated by malicious ingenuity. They are remembered long, and perhaps never forgotten.

Though the favor and applause of men may gratify vanity, and promote pecuniary interest for a few years, yet of how little value will they appear at the close of life? Men know but little of each other's real character and merit, and frequently err by undervaluing and overvaluing them. They have often lavished fame and glory on the undeserving, and denied them, at least during life, to their greatest benefactors.

Men are so apt to envy, to err, and to be ungrateful, that a wise man will take care, if possible, not to let the fabric of his happiness rest on a pillar so tottering as the people's favor. He will endeavor to do good and to act reasonably, and leave popularity, and wealth, and station to follow their own caprices, and not let it be said of him that his health and happiness depend on applause or the want of them.

It is the great business of Christians to rise above the world, to do right actions, not as men pleasers, but unto God and their own consciences; and happy they who quietly walk in their pilgrimage through this world through the vale of peace, neither pursuing fame, nor declining it when it comes as the temporal reward of goodness, but looking for approbation to Him who seeth the heart, and whose approbation is the only true glory.

Our debt to past generations is beyond all calculation. Men stand on the shoulders of their ancestors, profiting by all their labors, their anxieties, their successes, their mistakes, their failures. Though our gain from these experiences of theirs may never have been thought of by them, we can still see that some of our richest inheritances are the direct results of conscious efforts on our behalf. From time to time there have been men broadly thoughtful enough to plant trees, to build cities, to found institutions, to collect libraries, to establish means of education, to form governments with a direct view not only to the present needs of those around them, but also to the future advantage of a coming generation. The debt we have thus incurred can never be paid to the donors, but it can and should be regarded as a trust-fund which we hold not only for our own good, but for those who are to succeed us. This is Nature's method of improving the world; and, so far as we co-operate with her intelligently and heartily, we fulfil our part in the great arena of life.

Hasty and unjust criticism of others' conduct or performance often results from using one's own ideal of excellence as a test. A capable but captious person examines a piece of work or surveys a course of action, and sees, or thinks he sees, how it might have been improved. At once he begins to find fault, to depreciate, to blame, forgetting that the standard by which he judges is his own and not that of another. It remains at least very doubtful if he would have come up to it in the same circumstances; but to censure another for not bringing his practice into harmony with the censor's imaginings is surely unreasonable.

The habit of doing or enduring something for generations yet unborn is of itself a purifying and broadening one. It takes us out of our little round of petty interests and makes us feel that we are essentially a part of God's great universe, connected with the past by memory and gratitude, and with the future by hope and effort. To cultivate and nourish this motive as a mainspring of action will make life better worth living now, while bequeathing rich benefits to other lives which are yet to come.

To those who have opportunities of culture placed within their reach, these are the instruments of the Divine discipline. It is a part of that discipline to put large opportunities in men's hands, and to leave it to themselves whether they will use or neglect them. There shall be no coercion to make us turn them to account. Occasions of learning and self-improvement come, stay with us for a while, and then pass. And the wheels of time shall not be reversed to bring them back once they are gone. If we neglect them, we shall be permanent losers for this life. We cannot say how much we will be the losers hereafter. But if we do what we can to use them while they are granted, we shall have learnt one lesson of the heavenly discipline, and shall be, we may hope, the better prepared for the others, whether of action or endurance, which are yet to come.

The desire of excellence is the necessary attribute of those who excel. We work little for a thing unless we wish for it. But we cannot of ourselves estimate the degree of our success in what we strive for; that task is left to others. With the desire for excellence comes, therefore, the desire for approbation. And this distinguishes intellectual excellence from moral excellence; for the latter has no necessity of human tribunal; it is more inclined to shrink from the public than to invite the public to be its judge.

Men may preach and the world will listen, but profit comes by example. A parent inculcates gentleness in his children by many sound precepts; but they see him treat a dumb animal in a very harsh manner, and, in consequence, his instructions are worse than lost, for they are neither heeded nor respected. His example as a gentle and humane man would have been sufficient for his children without one word of command.

Let us ask ourselves seriously and honestly, "What do I believe after all? What manner of man am I after all? What sort of show should I make after all, if the people round me knew my heart and all my secret thoughts? What sort of show, then, do I already make in the sight of Almighty God, who sees every man exactly as he is?"

We are either raised or lowered by our associations. Manners, temper, intellect and morals are all directly influenced by our surroundings; and those who choose for themselves friends of an inferior caste—whether of mind or of manners, of morals or of conduct—fall to the level of their choice.

Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit and flavor and brightness and laughter and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to "charm his pained steps over the burning marle."

The only cure for indolence is work; the only cure for selfishness is sacrifice; the only cure for unbelief is to shake off the ague of doubt by doing your conscience's bidding; the only cure for timidity is to plunge into some dreaded duty before the chill has time to come.

It is not good to speak evil of all whom we know bad; it is worse to judge evil of any who may prove good. To speak ill upon knowledge shows a want of charity; to speak ill upon suspicion shows a want of honesty. To know evil of others and not speak it is sometimes discretion.

Every man must patiently bide his time. He must wait—not in listless idleness—but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavors, always willing, and fulfilling and accomplishing his task, that, when the occasion comes, he may be equal to the occasion.

It is most painful not to meet with the kindness and affection you feel you have deserved, but it is a mistake to complain of it; you cannot extort friendship with a cocked pistol.

The World's Happenings.

Banana shortcake is gaining ground as a relish.

The list of centenarians includes more women than men.

There are scissors made expressly for left-handed barbers.

They use an old hearse in Jackson to peddle peaches from.

Distributing handbills is hereafter a jail offense in Washington.

Sixty millions of matches are said to be made daily in Akron, Ohio.

The fish in a shallow New Hampshire lake have all been sunstruck.

The latest fad in Michigan is to wear a small thermometer for a breast pin.

The Polish people never swear in their own language, but always in Russian.

The United States chew, snuff and smoke every year $230,000,000 worth of tobacco.

Potatoes were baked in the ground at Albion, Mich., so intense was the heat.

It is stated that a farmers' club in Middle Georgia has for a motto: "Politics be ——."

The police force at Sherman, Texas, is to be reinforced by a pack of bloodhounds.

The appearance of overcoats in store windows is another sign of waning summer.

Over a tract of town lots in Southern California floats the sign, "This earth for sale."

Sam Jones, the revivalist, gets $500 for three days' work, which includes nine sermons.

The Postoffice Department has sensibly refused to name a Nebraska postoffice "Old Maid."

A failure to vaccinate is punished at Phœnix, Arizona, by $300 fine or six months' imprisonment.

A man who was bitten by a dog in New Baltimore, N. Y., has recovered $80 damages from the owner.

Margaret Maloney, a poor widow of Washington, D. C., has been fined for keeping a crowing rooster.

A Washington butcher has invented a canvas hat for horses to keep off the sun's heat and prevent sunstroke.

New Haven, Conn., has 4,000 Englishmen among her residents, but less than 500 of them, it is said, are voters.

The total cost of the Suez Canal was less than $100,000,000. Already $375,000,000 have been spent on the Panama Canal.

A New York boy, 6 years old, drank a pint of brandy one day recently. It burnt out his little life in a few hours.

A prophet has arisen down in Maine who preaches an alleged revelation to the effect that a second deluge is coming.

Forty well-known families at Newport, R. I., usually leaders in social festivities, a correspondent writes, are in deep mourning.

The largest orchard of fruit bearing trees in this country is claimed by Leavenworth, Kansas, which has one that contains 50,000 trees.

Twins by the name of Dodd enliven Roseville, Arkansas; the matter for wonder being that Mother Dodd, as well as Daddy Dodd, is 60 years old.

A recent novel sight was a long train loaded only with 100 tons of twine for a single wheat farm in Dakota, rolling westward across the Continent.

Is there anything a syndicate won't undertake? One of these is just now offering husbands to 100 young women if they will go to Northwestern Texas.

A new amusement is provided at the London fairs, known as "topsy turvy." Passengers are securely strapped in a barrel and then rolled about.

In Hebron township, S. C., a few days ago, during a severe storm, the house of a resident was so filled with electricity that an invalid was cured by it.

The Illinois Club, of Chicago, has the largest table ever made from a single plank. It is 15 feet long and 6 wide, and was cut from a California redwood tree.

A youth of 17 years is in jail in Kingston, N. Y., awaiting the sitting of the grand jury, on a charge of forgery, though his family alleges he could never either read or write.

Governor Hill has given $35 to the Elmira, N. Y., Fair to be awarded to the best set of colored twins sent for exhibition. President Cleveland's $10 gift is to go for white triplets.

A Chicago man has patented a "lover's coat," which fills a long felt want. This invention consists of a novel attachment which prevents face powder and hair from sticking to the coat collar.

The gang of drunks and tramps arraigned in the Tombs Prison, New York, one morning recently, presented such a sickening sight that two elderly gentlemen, who were out seeing the sights, fainted when they gained the fresh air.

Electricity has entered sport. For the angler who wishes to let his line float gently with the stream without the trouble of watching it, a little electrical arrangement has been devised whereby a pull upon the line closes the circuit and rings a bell.

A queer freak of lightning is reported from American, Ga. A bolt struck the residence of Mr. Mayo, lifted the chimney from a lighted lamp, extinguished the flame and deposited the chimney in an upright position on the table without breaking it.

David McGranahan, of Yellowstone, Wis., while making a fence was bitten on the finger by a rattlesnake. He had a hatchet in his hand at the time, and with one blow he amputated his finger and then cut up the snake, which was a large one with 11 rattles.

DRIFTING.

Down the river in the twilight gray,
Rowing swiftly o'er the broad blue bay,
There, oars resting, my own light boat lay,
Drifting, drifting.

Memory whispered of my dear love's face,
As she nestled in my fond embrace;
Now, her spirit through eternal space,
Drifting, drifting.

And my heart upon the sea of life,
All alone to meet the whirl and strife,
Anchor lost—amid temptations rife,
Drifting, drifting.

Oh! my darling, from the soft moon's haze
Do thine eyes of blue upon me gaze?
Do thy golden locks entwine those rays
Toward me drifting?

Pity sends me here to still my moan;
Back unto my arms at last thou 'rt flown—
Hush! sad heart, for I am all alone,
Drifting, drifting.

A Little Gray Cat.

BY PAUL CHALLINOR.

"THIS is yours, miss, I think," said a civil man in the corner, tossing it into Fanny's lap.

He had rescued "it" from being swept out of the omnibus, under the dingy skirts of the shabby old woman with a bundle, who got out at the last stoppage. The little red muff had been tossing about underfoot, on the dusty boards of the Islington omnibus, had been trodden on, had been kicked from corner to corner unperceived. No wonder Fanny shrank back, too disgusted to say "Thank you." The civil man retreated immediately behind his newspaper, with evidently no desire for further conversation.

Then she picked it up gingerly and looked at it. A dainty little article—crimson plush, satin-lined, wadded, quilted, scented, with a cataract of pendent loops of ribbon at one side, and perched on the top, by way of decoration, the dearest, softest, tiniest mite of a gray French kitten, exquisitely mounted; the poss life-like, with one delicate paw advanced, claws distended in a clutch at the ribbons, the tail erect and bushy.

The little, bright-eyed face looked out from its soft ruff with irresistible kittenish espieglerie. It was the work of an artist. Fanny beat the dust from it tenderly, caressed it admiringly, smoothed the plush, straightened the ribbons with a feminine and professional instinct, and began to cast about for the owner.

Not the civil man in the corner, of course; nor yet the old charwoman with the bundle. Who else had been in the omnibus? It had been empty when she entered, with two boys scrambling in after her. They were not likely to be the possessors. They had straps of books, and fishing-rods, and a sloppy and muddy tin can, possibly containing bait.

Then in had came a hot, anxious woman with a baby, a two-year-old child, a three-year-old child, and twin little lads of four or five. She had brought in a bird-cage, a basket, and a parcel done up in a bursting newspaper, but no muff Fanny was convinced.

Nor had the lady in deep crape who succeeded her; nor yet the two stout foreigners, who had stared her out of countenance. That was the sum-total of her fellow-passengers. She must hand the muff to the conductor; and, with this praiseworthy intent, she moved to the door and ineffectually signed to him.

As she did so the 'bus stopped, and some school-girls, out a-holiday-making, got in, and the 'bus was off again before Fanny could make her tale heard.

There were many glances of admiration cast in the direction of Fanny's lap, where the little grey cat reposed so becomingly. She felt them in her inmost soul; and with every glance her intent of restitution wavered. The red plush just matched her old winter frock and jacket, giving them exactly the touch of style which she had felt she needed.

No wonder the man in the corner was sure she was the owner. The grey puss harmonized with her poor little cheap fur ruff, which she knew was shabby, but had not dared to replace in the present state of her finances; for she was a good little woman, and the big satchel beside her was stuffed full of small presents for all the people at home.

There was a silk muffler for father, and a beautiful knitted petticoat for mother, bought cheap at the spring sales, but good for next winter; a smart photograph frame for sister Lizzie, and a book for Tommy; a fashionable beer-jug for Polly the married sister, and a string of Cyprus beads for the baby.

Also, at the bottom was something else, most special of all. A small parcel addressed to nobody in particular, only inscribed in Fanny's very best handwriting with the distich—

When this you see
Remember me.

and tied up with a bit of blue ribbon. Inside was the most beautiful embroidered tobacco-pouch, made, every stitch of it, by Fanny's own tired little fingers in her spare moments.

A magnificent production, all silk and tinsel, with "A E I" in gold, surrounded by a wreath of forget-me-nots. She hadn't the faintest notion of what the letters stood for, but the flowers were plain enough for, well—Anybody—to understand; supposing that Anybody had cared to remember her for so long as twelve months, and supposing that Anybody had got over a foolish prejudice against her going to London to business.

Then she clean forgot the muff for full five minutes in a vision of home and father, and a certain spot near the mill-tail, where the real forget-me-nots grew near the cleft in the bank. The tumble-down old bridge crossed the mill-stream just above it, leading to the field-path to Dowse's smithy.

Was "D. D.", for "Dan Dowse," still to be seen on the top rail she wondered? And the "F.", for "Fanny," which she had cut herself? She would have cut another "F.", for "Flowerdale," too, but Dan had said, "where's the use?" and had made her leave it as it was, an "F" and a "D," and a big "D" and a circle round all three, and asked her how she thought that looked. It looked so dreadfully particular, she thought, that she could not answer; but just tossed her head and ran back to the mill.

Well, she dared say it was all rubbed away by this time, and nobody cared. She did wish she had not made so much of the delights of London in her letters home. It must have looked as if she regretted nothing, and nobody, that she had left behind.

If he had only spoken out; or if she had had anything to go upon! Perhaps this holiday might set all to rights again. She had screwed and scraped to afford it out of her scanty little salary. She was only a milliner's assistant from Islington High Street—a shabby thing in heroines, one must admit with regret.

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The sun shone out good-naturedly to brighten up the little girl's holiday. The old mill standing in the garden of bright spring flowers splashed out a noisy welcome. Father, rubicund and round, in his white cap and powdered whiskers, was waiting at the gate to greet her.

Above the pink and white blossom of the orchard peeped a well-known corner of mossy red-tiled gable and chimney-stack—the chimneys of the forge—smokeless, as she saw in an instant's brief glance, even as she flung her arms round poor sickly mother's neck, and heard her exclaim at her thinness and paleness. She dared ask no questions then.

Lizzie was "Oh mying!" at her smart clothes, and telling all about Polly's baby christening; and Tommy was whooping round her, trying to drag her off there and then to inspect a water-rat's nest, and try the new pitchfork which Dan Dowse had given him for a keepsake.

"Ah, poor Dowse!" said the worthy miller, with the certain air of melancholy complacency which so often accompanies the telling of bad news. "Poor old Dowse! We shall miss him here, I'm thinking. You're just in time for the funeral, Fan."

"Funeral!"

The little red muff dropped unheeded to Fanny's feet, and she stared at him blankly.

"Old Mrs. Dowse. She's gone at last, sure enough. A happy release; there's no denying it. Drove Tom to New Zealand with her nagging tongue. The doctors say she must have been an awful sufferer, though. Dan never crossed her in anything, nor let her want for anything that money could buy to the last. Now Tom's doing first-rate out there, and has written for Dan to join him."

"But Dan won't go, will he, father?"

"Why not, lass? He's got no one to please but himself now. There'll be a handsome funeral. You're just in time." And the miller departed to his work; while Fanny was taken out to see the chickens and the new cart and horse, and then on to Polly's new house to tea.

The road led past the forge, across the wide, black cinder mark in the white road that she knew so well. The forge fires were out, and the great doors closed and barred.

In the pretty, ill-kept, old red house the blinds were drawn down, and Fanny thought with a pang of all the hard things she had tried not to say or think about the poor, vexatious, shiftless old slattern lying dead behind the white curtains. Then there flashed before her—to be driven away at once—the vision of the different home she could make there for Dan—if Dan would ever ask her.

Then they came to Polly's; and Polly had got the house and baby in grand array to receive them, with hot scones and honey-cakes, apple-pasties, and gingerbread for tea.

Baby, thriving, red, and kicking, was almost bursting out of the fine christening-frock Mrs. Swete at the Hall had given him. Mrs. Swete had further deigned to send an invitation, as distinct and imperative as a Royal command to Court, to Fanny and Lizzie to come up to the hall to supper with her that evening.

No one thought of refusing. Mrs. Swete was a great person in the village. She had been housekeeper to Sir Edmund, and to his father before him—the undisputed mistress of the place till such time as the young Baronet should take unto himself a bride.

Moreover, she was a cousin of the miller's, with money at her disposal; and Fanny's godmother. She had always claimed a certain measure of authority over the girl, and had, in fact, been the chief instigator of her move to town.

Fanny submitted amiably to a severe cross-examination about her life there, her work and her acquaintances, which apparently satisfied Mrs. Swete, for she nodded approval once or twice. Then she dismissed Lizzie to "look round the conservatories before it got too dark," and settling herself in her big chair by the window, prepared to be confidential.

"So you've never seen my young master there, never? Well, that's odd, considering how often he goes up to London. Perhaps Islington may be a little out of his way though."

"How is Master Edmund—Sir Edmund, I mean?"

"Ah, child," with an ominous shake of the head. "You may well ask 'How's Sir Edmund?' I only wish I could tell you. Oh, that Switzerland! Never with my good will will I see a gentleman of family go wasting his time in foreign parts again!"

"It was natural that he should want a little bit of pleasuring once his father had gone, wasn't it?" suggested Fanny shyly. "He hadn't much in his lifetime."

"It wouldn't become me to pass observations on my late master, Fanny; but I never did hold with his bringing up of the young gentlemen. All the sweet to one, and all the sour to the other—and him the heir. Well, well! he's in his grave, and poor Master Rex too, and Sir Edmund mayn't be long a-following them."

"Mercy!' What's the matter?" asked Fanny dismayed. She and Sir Edmund had been playfellows once upon a time, in the lonely days of his motherless, neglected boyhood, and the kindly feeling had lasted on ever since—which perhaps accounted for Mrs. Swete's desire to see Fanny established at a safe distance.

"Matter? He's bewitched, I think. All through the shooting season he hardly touched a gun. Jakes—the new keeper—said it made him sick, it did, to see them poor partridges running about with nobody doing their duty by them. Then, when the hunting began, one day he'd ride like a madman, and the next come sauntering home without seeing a run. Then he was backward and forward to London, all for nothing that anybody can tell," and a flash of latent suspicion rekindled in Mrs. Swete's eyes. "That's a handsome muff you have got there. How did you come by it?" she asked sharply and somewhat inconsequently.

Fanny told her story.

"Ah, I daresay it isn't as expensive as it looks. Perhaps you'd better watch for the advertisement though. Send up Tommy to-morrow, and I'll look you out the 'Times' for last week. It suits your frock nicely too. I may as well give you my grey ostrich feather. It will look better in your hat than that shabby wing and bow; and it matches the cat's fur too. You mayn't have to give her back after all."

Mrs. Swete, whose sense of duty to the family kept her aloof from village gossips, brightened up mightily after this unburdening of her mind, and was supremely gracious for the rest of the evening.

"Why, where can you have been, Fanny?" asked the miller on her return home. "Here's Dan Dowse been waiting and waiting till I had to send him off to Polly's to find you. Didn't you see him? Perhaps he thought it wasn't decent, though, with his mother not in her grave yet, to go running round after the lasses."

Fanny's pillow that night was wet with tears that were not at all for Sir Edmund's troubles.

* * * * * *

A fine, bright, summer-like country Sunday. Fanny couldn't deny herself the pleasure of wearing the little grey cat, for the last time perhaps. She had pinned Mrs. Swete's noble grey plume round her scanty red velvet hat, and the red muff just covered the worn front of her jacket.

She had drawn on a long pair of grey Suede gloves—old "shopkeepers'," stained with mildew, and bought for a song: her hair was turned up high in a fashion yet unknown in these primitive regions; her skirts had the latest set; and a very grand and stylish young lady indeed she looked, as she walked up the rough, flagged aisle to the green-lined box, belonging by hereditary right to the owners of the mill, and cast a glance, just one, towards the benches in front of the organ, where Dan Dowse used to sit and lead the basses.

As soon as she did so, she felt hot with confusion. She had not thought of old Mrs. Dowse's funeral that was to take place that day, till she saw Dan and all the funeral party assembled in the deepest of black. Most of the neighbors, too, had assumed some little token of mourning in respect to the family, and her smart clothes seemed doubly out of keeping, and as if worn to flout the universal sentiment.

She blushed to the brim of her hat with vexation, and kept her eyes averted from Dan, looking straight before her into the Squire's pew, where Sir Edmund, a tall, broad-shouldered, somewhat heavy-featured young fellow sat in moody meditation, his shoulders up to his ears, dragging at his moustache, and frowning to himself in almost ostentatious inattention to the service.

It was over at last; and as they issued from the old grey porch the funeral bell began to toll just over their heads, and Fanny shivered and wanted to run home to cry, but that was impossible.

Friends came up to greet her, and she had to bear with criticisms on herself, inquiries after her London lover—a local joke that would stand a good deal of wear—and remarks on Dan Dowse's bearing and prospects, and the news that Eben Prawley had made him a handsome offer for the forge and house, as he wished to set up his son there on his marriage.

The funeral party was mustering and marshalling. The neighbors, in their decent black, gathered for the service. Fanny could not stay. She felt as if every eye was turned on her flaring smartness, and, to Lizzie's surprise, slipped quietly away over the stile, and off across the fields as fast as her feet could carry her to the mill.

At the gate was Tommy, hot and breathless.

"Is the burying all done?" he asked, with a rueful visage. "And I did want to see the coffin go in; but Mrs. Swete she have kep' me so long a-finding this for you——"

"You'll be in time, Tommy."

Tommy withdrew his knuckles from his eye, stuffed a "Times" advertisement-sheet into her hand, and was off as fast as his small legs could carry him.

She carried the paper mechanically up to her room, where the first thing that met her was her own pretty reflection in Lizzie's glass. She dared not cry, but in a sort of dumb fury that was a substitute for tears, dragged off her long gloves, tossed her smart hat away, and, taking up the little red muff, looked at it with vindictive eyes as at a talisman that had worked her evil.

She gave the poor little puss a hard fling to the other end of the room, and then set to work to untwist and tear down her pretty fashionable coils of hair, pulling and tangling with reckless cruelty till she got it all shaken loose over her shoulders, and then proceeded to screw it up severely into penitential flatness and sleekness, damping out every ripple of crimp or spray of curl, and making, as Lizzie observed half-an-hour later, "as much of a sight as she could of herself."

After the dinner—doubly good and plentiful in her honor—she helped her mother to clear away as in old times; and, as in the old times, there came presently the click of the iron garden-gate and a heavy tread crunching the loose gravel of the path round the house to the back, and Fanny's heart gave one wild leap of hopefulness. But it was only her brother-in-law, followed by Polly carrying the baby.

Little did he think, honest man, how near to hating him Fanny came when he took his seat in a certain wooden brass-bound arm-chair, opposite to the miller, on the hearth, and filled his pipe from the jar of tobacco on the corner of the mantel-shelf, looking so like and so unlike another figure that used to occupy that place. Polly

and her mother fell into a discussion on the short-coating of baby. Lizzie and Tommy went to the Sunday-school, and Fanny was at last left to herself.

She had an errand that she felt she must do, and at once.

Up to her room she sped and took from her bag the little parcel that had never found its owner. At the sight of the wreathed letters and the gay blue flowers, the tears gathered softly in her eyes.

"At least no one else shall have it. I'll drop it in the mill-stream," she had been thinking all day; but now her heart almost misgave her.

She shrouded herself in an old black shawl. Beside it lay the red muff, with the little playful cat peering at her with bright, twinkling eyes.

"And you shall go after it," she cried in a spasm of unreasoning rage.

The ground rose high on one side the mill-stream, and in the rough, stony bank was one cleft well known to her and one other. Up above it the gorse—which only goes out of season when kissing goes out of fashion—made a fence against intruders. Below, it could only be gained by stepping from stone to stone in the bed of the stream.

The water was still; the great moss-grown wheel above creaked idly in its Sunday rest. Only two green meadows off were the smokeless chimneys of the forge; so near, and yet so far from her now! She had to cross the old bridge before the descent of the stream could be made.

Its crazy rail was green with moss and rudely patched with fresh wood, yet the one place she knew of was intact, she could have found it with her eyes shut; three big iron nail-heads fastening the rail to its post, and just under them had been the initials! No trace of them remained. Not smoothed away by wear; not effaced by newer cuttings; but gone. The very piece had been cleanly cut out. It was no new cut either, for the wood had darkened to the same color as the rest, and the edges had become worn smooth.

It needed but this! Down the bank she scrambled blindly, and, springing from stone to stone in the water, reached her covert at last, and sitting down on a big boulder, let the sobs come as they would, crying as if her tears might fill the mill-stream or melt the very stones to pity. She dried her eyes at last and began to look about her.

The forget-me-nots floated on the still water at her feet. She drew forth her poor little keepsake and stooped forward to lay it with them; but drew back suddenly.

Someone was leaning over the rail of the bridge whistling fragments of a doleful melody. The willows that drooped from the bank formed a scanty veil of fresh green between her and him; but yet she feared to be seen. She would wait till he passed on. Mrs. Swete's newspaper was still in her pocket, so she drew it out, and affected to become absorbed in its perusal. A big pencil cross directed her attention at once to an advertisement.

"Stolen from a carriage in Regent Street, on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 15th, a red plush muff, with a little grey kitten on it. Also a purse, containing a small sum in silver, a handkerchief with embroidered initials 'I. V. P.', a case with a valuable gold bangle, and a parcel containing two lengths of old point lace. Any person giving information that shall lead to the recovery of these articles shall receive a reward of twenty pounds. Apply to Messrs Brown and Jones, solicitors, Lincoln's Inn."

In a separate line below—

"N. B.—The above reward will be paid if the muff alone be restored."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Fanny, startled out of her sorrows for the moment. "Twenty pounds to be had for the asking!"

A smell of tobacco-smoke had been drifting down to her from the bridge, and now the end of a cigarette fell hissing into the water. Then came the sound of a footstep gingerly stepping over the stones. Her retreat was discovered, and she sprang up in dismay.

"Don't stir, Fanny." It was Sir Edmund who spoke. "I've not had a chance of a word with you yet. I waited discreetly to make sure that you were really alone in your bower. How are you? How do you like London, and how are you getting on?"

Sir Edmunds voice had the old familiar tone, and he smiled pleasantly on his former playmate.

"Quite well, thank you. How are you, sir?" Fanny asked, with a friendly little smile.

"Nothing very bright. I've half a mind to go out to New Zealand with our friend at the smithy. What have you been doing to him, Fanny, you witch? I expected to have heard the banns published months ago."

She flashed an offended look at him, and he checked himself.

"I beg your pardon. I didn't mean to vex you. One gets into the way of such jokes. They're bad form, I know; but I'm an ill-bred country lout, as I always was. How should I be anything else?" he went on in a sort of rage at himself. "You know what my father was, and how he treated me!"

Fanny nodded. The evil reputation of Sir Hugh had become a village proverb.

"You know how he grudged me the bringing up of a gentleman. He was glad to see me growing up rough and rude like one of his own farm laborers. He hated me for my mother's sake. He hated me for my own. He hated me because I lived, and he hated me worse because my poor brother Rex died. What chance have I had?" he went on savagely. "How am I to be anything but a boor, an ill-mannered, uncouth ruffian, that no lady can look at except with scorn."

"Nay, now, sir. I'm sure we all thought a deal of you."

"Oh, the folks here? Yes. Because I know a horse when I see one, and am a decent shot. Yes, I'm the sort of squire to suit them. But for the rest—for all that belongs to the real work of a country gentleman, what training had I?"

"Why, sir, you used to read a lot, and teach yourself things."

He nodded gloomily.

"I was vain enough once upon a time to fancy that brains and hard work might make something of a man in the long run; but I've seen the folly of the notion. I've been up to town as well as you, Fan, since we last met."

"One learns a deal there, sir."

"Yes, you've found out how to make a fine lady of yourself, little Fan," he went on, looking at her with dreary approval. "You've lost the village twang, and you carry yourself in your smart gown like a little duchess, and look down on your lowly admirers."

"Oh don't, sir, don't!" she pleaded, half-crying.

"Do you think I could learn as much in as short a time? No, I know better. I'm in my proper place down here. I can do my duty by the land and the people. Perhaps if they sent me up to Parliament one of these days, I could do some better work there than some of those I listened to. Bah! What's the good?" he broke off impatiently. "I shall still be a rough, uncultured yokel. There's a whole text-book of social graces and proprieties to be learned before I'm fit for society, and who's to teach me?"

"Your wife," said Fan, with the frankness of old days. "You marry a lady who's been brought up to it all herself, and you'll soon learn of her."

"A great lady? Like—someone I met once. Yes, I think Mrs. Pierpoint could do it," he said half to himself.

"The beautiful Mrs. Pierpoint? I've heard of her. I saw her portrait in the Academy, and all her gowns are in the 'Queen.'"

He burst into a harsh laugh. "Is she the sort of woman you think would devote herself to improving my mind and manners? Can't you fancy her coming down here to settle for life at the Hall, playing Joan to my Darby? I can tell you something absurd, Fanny. I once actually thought she meant to do it! Why don't you laugh? You are the only person who has heard the joke."

But Fanny's eyes only grew soft with pity.

"It was my ignorance, you see. How should I know Mrs. Vernon Pierpoint from any other pleasant friendly woman travelling with an invalid father, who took a sick man's fancy for my company. I was glad enough to keep with them as long as I decently could. She gave me a word and a smile when we parted, Fanny, on which I have lived all these winter months."

"Have you never met her again, sir?" Fanny asked, in a voice tremulous with sympathy.

"Seen her again? Oh yes, over and over again. Across a gaping crowd of admirers, no nearer. My beautiful lady with the clear, earnest eyes and sweet simple nature is a London beauty, as you say, Fanny. I was fool enough to worry for an invitation to a big entertainment—the first I had ever been to in my life, and the last. There she was surrounded by great folks, and a Prince for a partner forsooth! and I outside the circle watching for a stray fragment of her notice—in vain. I came away. I had learned my place, Fanny."

"Oh, for shame, Sir Edmund! When it was your place to make your way to her in spite of everything, to let your pride hold you back! Think of her—waiting may be with an aching heart for you."

"I tell you I am nothing to her, nor she to me; henceforth I've learnt my lesson. We don't die for disappointed love now-a-days, Fan."

"Don't we, sir?" and the gathering tear in her eyes suddenly splashed down, and her hand closed on the little tobacco-pouch.

"We whistle the false ones away—so—and look out for someone who suits us better. I'm a country clod. I must mate in my own sphere, Fan."

A sudden, freakish, desperate light sparkled in his dark eyes.

"Why won't you take me? You'd make a capital lady, and you'll find me a good husband. Would you try?"

He spoke in bitter jest, but with enough serious purpose in it to send a dazzling temptation flashing before the girl's eyes; so vivid, so dazzling, that she shut them tight and clasped the little pouch as a talisman.

"Now you are joking ill-manneredly, Sir Edmund," she cried. "Please stop at once, or I must go away! If I could think you in earnest, all I should have to say to you would be that I'd shame to be a man and so poor a thing as you! To give up one's love for a bit of a cross! When it's the man's part to work, strive, and fight to get your will. I'm only a girl who must do no more than grieve and give up, but I'm truer and braver than you, for I'll hold to my love whatever may have come between us. His fancy may have changed, but mine shall hold to the end." She spoke out bravely, her cheeks hot and her eyes shining. Sir Edmund looked at her admiringly.

"Then you'd never have anything to say to me?"

"Never. Or if I had—if I had let myself be so ill-guided, and we were at the church door, nay, if the ring were on my finger, and I heard the voice of Dan Dowse calling me, I'd turn from you and follow him to the world's end!"

There came a mighty crash through the gorse above them. The brushwood parted, and a black figure came sliding, rolling, scrambling down the bank till it landed between them, while a tall hat, veiled in mighty crape weepers, hopping down after, reached the bottom nearly as soon.

"Dan!" shrieked Fanny.

Dan was on his feet in a minute, with his arm around her waist.

"Hurra!" he shouted. "Hurra, my girl!—my Queen!—my Heart of Gold! And to think that I have been mistrusting, and moping, and hanging about, without daring to speak, thinking you'd got beyond me—thinking all manner of shabby things! I wish my neck had been wrung first! Yes, I've been listening. I'm a jealous, suspicious blockhead, you know; and I wouldn't have missed what I've heard for a thousand pounds!"

"Then I'm glad you have heard it," said Sir Edmund, with dignity. "You have been listening to my secrets, you are aware. I must beg you to respect them. I think I'd perhaps better go now," he ended, with a kindly smile. Dan held out his hand with a look that meant much.

"Good-bye, and thank you, sir," faltered Fanny, her face one scarlet blush.

"There's a word I'd like to say," put in Dan awkwardly enough. "Maybe—no offence, sir—you'd just cast over in your mind the mistake I've been a-making here. I see this young lady come back from London, where she's been meeting many a finer fellow than me—yourself amongst them, maybe, sir. I take everything she does amiss. I keep away from her. I settle in my mind that it's all up with me, and nothing left on this side of the world for me. The one thing I cared for would have gone with me, Fanny, my dear." He drew from his vest a little slip of wood, with three letters cut in it. "That's stayed by me ever since your pretty fingers touched it, and that would have gone to my grave with me."

"Oh, Dan!" And Fanny, oblivious of the spectator, fairly threw her arms round her blacksmith's neck and burst into tears.

The little rocky retreat had been overcrowded by one since Dan's unceremonious entrance. Sir Edward would willingly have escaped, but the others barred his way. He turned discreetly away from them and pretended to kindle a fusee.

"Hullos!" he cried, "what's this?"

He was holding up, with a face of excitement, the little grey muff, that once again had fallen neglected and trodden under-foot.

"I've seen this before! I was in Brussels when it was bought. I'd swear to it any day!"

Fanny, recalled to a sense of the proprieties, hastily picked up the "Times" and searched for the advertisement. Sir Edmund snatched it from her and read with devouring eyes. "Here!" he said under his breath, and reverently stroked the little creature's silky fur. "Her initials—Ida Vernon Pierpoint."

"But all the rest—the valuable things—are gone," said Fanny sadly. "It's odd, too, that she should set as much store by this as by all of them put together. It's a pretty cat; but it's a last season's fashion," and she turned the little animal about perplexedly.

Sir Edmund, looking puzzled likewise, stretched out his hand for the muff, then, with an awakened air, began searching under the paw of the little creature. At last he found the tiny spring of which he was in search, and a little secret pocket or purse disclosed itself. It held but one thing, a small russia-leather case, with the monogram "I. V. P." repeated in gold. Inside that was folded paper.

"Bank notes," said Dan.

"Love letters," cried Fanny.

Neither. Only a dry bit of white fluffy flower pinned on a gentleman's visiting card, across which a few pencilled words and a date. That was all Fanny could see, for Sir Edmund hastily closed it as one guarding an enshrined relic from infidel eyes. "The Edelweiss!" he murmured softly, his deep, dark eyes glowing, his handsome face radiant. His color came and went like a girl's. There was evidently some deep significance in the sight for him alone.

"The Edelweiss! And she kept it for my sake!"

Fanny took the muff and stroked the little grey cat thoughtfully, considering the situation. Dan, beaming and uncomprehending, awaited her pleasure.

"Twenty pounds means a good deal to Dan and me. I don't think I can give up the muff to you, sir. But that case—it must be something very valuable in the lady's eyes. Perhaps, as the lawyers know nothing about it, for fear of accidents you had better take it back to her, Sir Edmund. I shouldn't wonder if she'd like best to settle with you herself what the reward for bringing it back shall be."

"There's the five-forty up-train——" began Dan.

But Sir Edmund had gone.

THOMAS MCCORMACK, who was formerly town clerk of Union Township, N. J., was buried this week. His death resulted from the bite of a spider. McCormack was working in a quarry, when he felt a stinging sensation in his left arm, and saw a large black spider there. He brushed it away, and thought no more of the matter. Soon his arm began to swell, and in a few hours it was twice its normal size. He was taken to a hospital, where he died.

Stony Lane.

BY J. P. THATCHER.

IT was almost cruel of the authorities to stick such a name in radiant blue and white paint at the corner of the lane. As if working-folk had not sufficient hardness in their lot without being made publicly to acknowledge that they lived in such a proverbially dry and stony place!

"But it looks cheery, though," said a girl who sat at a window stitching uppers.

Of course the word means the upper part of a boot or shoe. Stony Lane was one niche in a big town, where all the world lived and died, feasted and starved on leather—and what came of it.

Statistics of the shoemaker's trade would be dull; at the outside one does not look upon the business as brilliant, or suggestive of poesy, or giving any—even the least—scope for one's artistic instincts. But one girl, you see, thought even the newly-painted name of the street cheery; she must have had a cheerful heart, than which there is no possession more delightful.

Truth to say, Stony Lane looked its best. The early sun came slanting down athwart the shining vane of the old church-tower, touching up the brand-new white letters at the lane's corner, then sweeping over flower-pots with scarlet geraniums and musk in them, until the pebbly footway actually shone.

Footway and roadway were all in one: it was an ancient quarter, made, doubtless, when countryfolk, and townfolk, too, trudged afoot. A row of two-storeyed houses ran along on each side, strongly-built houses of good flint; there were no decorations in the way of railings, no ornament except what the indwellers made of outer greenery and inner muslin.

It was grey, and dreary, and stony in winter, a sort of cavern of darkness, with its one lamp projected by an iron arm from its centre house; but in summer—well, in summer it could be bright enough.

"Cheery," as the girl had said of its newly-painted name—Elizabeth, or Lil, Brice was her name, emphatically the type of a Townlingham shoe-girl. She earned her money and spent it. Who should remark upon the smartness of a girl's dress when she has earned every thread of it herself? Lil Brice was always smart.

"Yes," answered a companion; "yes, it's cheery. But it don't suit."

"There's one of your fallals; don't try and make me take up with them, because I can't. No, Mary Weldon, I can't."

"The place is all old together, and, as I take it, the old letters were of a piece with it."

The speaker was evidently a girl of another type; she was dressed differently—even in working hours it is easy to make a difference in style—and her face was of a more delicate color and form.

Lil was brown and strong.

"Them old things!" she cried. "No one saw them except you; if so be all Townlingham didn't know Stony Lane they'd never have made it out, writ as it were. Them lectures have put notions into your head, girl!"

"Yes," said Mary, in quite a different spirit to that of Lil's remark; "yes, I'm getting to see things——"

"Your work's none so grand!"

"It's no worse, though."

"Well, I don't hold with lectures; I'm for going out for walks o' summer nights. So'd you, if——" And she laughed aloud.

The other girl could take a joke.

"Very likely," she answered, laughing low. "But the lecture's one night in the week, and I can walk other nights."

"Walk!" with supreme contempt.

Lil Brice "walked" with a railway-porter; Mary Weldon went with other girls. So, without doubt, there was, in the eyes of Lil and of girls of her class, an unmistakable and broad gulf of division between the manner in which they severally took their evening saunter.

* * * * * *

Very lovely was it over the Townlingham meadows in the cool, after a hot July day. Just work closely at hard leather-work yourself for ten hours, and then see if there be not a new charm in the already fair radiance of a summer evening.

One's muscles relax, one's limbs are free; one no longer sits cramped in heavy, heated air. One could run, or, being tired, there were banks to sit on whence the cricketers could be seen.

Naturally Lil was always by the cricket-field, for when Bob Drayson was not with her he was playing—he was the crack Townlingham bowler.

She and Mary worked together, for Mary had lodged with the Brices in Stony Lane since her stepmother had sent her in from her village to work. Mary was fatherless as well as motherless, and her stepmother had her hands full, and wanted the higher town wage. She was by no means a cruel or a hard woman, beyond the hardness that must inevitably grow up beside a straitened bare life. Mary could not rough it in farm-work, so she set her to shoe-work. The girl was wasting and pining till some chance took her one winter's night to hear a lecture.

The Kyrle Society never got down to Townlingham, but there were some people in the neighborhood who had taken up the idea of giving art to the people. They worked their idea in their own way.

Stony Lane this summer had got flowers at nearly every house. The Brices even at last had theirs, thanks to Mary's quiet though persistent begging. She would tend them if she might have them, so the

strong, plain Brices gave in. And Mary lifted herself from the dreariness of the weary work, and as the summer grew held her own bravely against Lil and her wild jests.

One day there was a merrymaking outside the town, a school-treat, and a Foresters' or a club fete—it matters not what. At any rate, the great field, lent for such business, was full when the evening came, children's games were going on, and games in which elder children played, went on at the same time. They danced, too, these Townlingham girls, to the music of a violin.

There are players and players. This one, Hal Coates was no awkward scraper of a fiddle, but went in for what, to a few, he called classical music, but what, with the unenlightened, he called "his tunes," giving no specification beyond that to earn that could not understand.

He was overlooker at the factory which gave Mary and Lil their work. What with in-door hands and out-door hands he had a tribe to rule.

He came from the next county, and there was a notion amongst the shoe-girls that Coates came of well-to-do folk.

Here is a specimen of their opinion of him. Shoe-girls do not mince matters; they call a spade a spade.

"Mary," said Lil, as she passed in dancing, she herself grand in the possession of her lover's arm, "your game's no good. I have known six—aye, six, try it on in my time, and no good come of it to them. They lost a good chance, more than one of them. Don't you do it."

"What things you say!" returned Mary. "I never know half you mean."

"Then you are stupid. Don't you flatter yourself Coates looks at you—he don't. He's one of your lecture people, and he'll marry his fiddle, but never a shoe-girl."

Mary could not mistake. She colored, her pale cheeks matched the cherry-colored tie she wore to fasten her collar, for the moment she could not answer.

Why not?

Lil had hit upon the truth. She did think—nay, five minutes ago she would have been sure in her heart that Coates had pointedly asked her—her and no other—what should be the next dance. But now?

She flashed out this angry reply:

"No fear! I am as good as any—aye, as good as he, if I am a shoe-girl!"

"Highty-tighty! we are angry at last. Well, I'd stop dancing, then; maybe he'd give over fiddling—eh?"

Mary's fire had died away.

"Not he," she said quietly. "He knows they can't dance without his music; he has learned to look for other folk's pleasure, if naught else, at the rooms. We girls don't get very many nights like this during the year."

Lil and her lover walked away.

But the fair, beautiful night was spoiled for Mary. She stopped dancing and drew away. Even when Coates came and spoke to her, as he had grown accustomed to speak to her, she gave no such answer as he looked for.

Perhaps he was as sensitive as she—he, too, drew away. And then he played on, but, for himself, the music was soulless, there was no dancing in the spirit, though the quick tunes jumped and frolicked for the dancing feet of the girls.

Mary went home early. Stony Lane was empty, the sun was down, and the moon had not risen, and her feet dragged wearily over the stones. Never before had she felt more alone, never before had she cried over the mother she had never known. She did not know why, but she felt vaguely that her mother would never have cast her child into that lonely, lonely town. What could she do? Should she try to find her mother's people? They were Burley folk. Burley folk! No, she would never seek Burley.

Burley was the place Hal Coates had come from years back, they said. Better to be alone in the crowds of Townlingham, than perchance to meet—aye, and to be forced into acquaintance with—other Coates in the little town of Burley. Yes, better far!

She cried herself to sleep that night.

* * * * * *

All the summer went. Lil got married; and Lil, from the grandeur of her own doings, became wilder, and more reckless, and sharper upon Mary.

Rude jests were flung at the girl, and from taking them quietly, she at last grew to stiffen herself with pride and to become quite silent when Lil and certain of her companions came near her.

All the world gets a holiday, in some counties, at Whitsuntide. They make it a time of beginning and ending service, and Mary had nearly endured a year of her hard life when the home-going time was at hand. For a day she was going. And in her own mind she was going, so to speak, to move heaven and earth, rather than come back to the purgatory of Stony Lane and its rough ways.

The white May light swept down the street as she walked up from taking her work to the factory. She had a parcel in her arms of gifts she was taking home, and that she had bought as she passed the big shops.

Stony Lane was all but empty. Folks were out shopping and strolling. Brice, the father, stood in his shirt-sleeves at his own door, smoking the pipe of nightly custom. Suddenly Mary felt, rather than saw, some one come from behind her to her side. Her cheek flushed. Did she know?

Yes. She had twice avoided meeting that same person. Now she hurried on to old Brice.

"Stop—wait!" said the person. It was Coates, as may be surmised. "You avoid me, Mary, but I must speak to you. Yes, the time has come when I—when you must listen."

Mary trembled. She could not do less than stop.

"Yes," said she.

"I cannot go on——" he began.

Then Mary wondered, and the thought which made her tremble passed into another thought—it was of himself, and of himself alone, that this young man would speak. She stood and raised her fair head quietly, yet proudly.

"You want——"

"I want much," he ended for her. "Do you know what you and I are to each other, Mary?"

What a strange question! The girl felt her pulse dance, but the months past had made her so strong and so proud that she could rule her features and her speech. Perhaps she flushed a little, but she answered:

"Master and maid, I suppose."

He clapped his hands together. He was a tall, fine-grown young man now. He had a manner which made him almost like Mary, as he, too, drew himself up, and answered as proudly as she had done.

"That point does not touch us at all—as I see things." A moment's silence followed. Then, looking straight into her eyes, he said: "We are cousins."

She could only gaze—strangely, wildly.

"It is true. Your mother was a Burley woman; she and my mother were sisters. It is only a short while since I knew this. I waited until to-day because—because I had made up my mind—because now it is all easy."

This was most vague and hesitating. But no word came from Mary's lips; she could find nothing to say.

"You go home to-morrow?" said he.

"Yes."

"And now I am going to ask you not to come back here, but——"

"That is just what I had made up my mind to do. Now, certainly, it will be better that your cousin should not be one of the 'hands'."

He only smiled a grave, quiet smile at her.

"That was a mean thing to say, Mr. Coates," she said after a pause; "I am sorry I said it!"

"You are my cousin, Mary; so when I have said my say, I shall try and avoid you."

She could not understand him.

"I have a plan. I will go home with you to-morrow, to Dilsham, and I will talk to your stepmother. Then we will together go to Burley, and you shall stay with my mother."

"You won't set mother to make me go against my will?"

"Is it likely that your will will be against it?"

"Yes; very likely. I cannot go to Burley—no, not now—not yet."

She was direfully troubled.

"I shall only be there for a day."

How oddly he had fathomed her thought! She felt her face become one flame of scarlet.

"But—Mary, listen—I was hoping that you would be with my mother, and that one day I should run over to Burley—say a month from to-day, and that instead of being only my cousin, you would be my wife. That is why I do not want you back in Townlingham. I will not have you back until I bring you—my wife!"

A masterful lover is the best lover. What girl cares for a weak, puny slave?

Hand-by the moon gutted down Stony Lane, and its grey dimness vanished in a flood of clear whiteness. What a long talk must have been going on!

Ah, well! Perhaps something more was said than the little we have written down; but, if so, there was no one to hear, for even old Brice had gone away—carried himself and his pipe to where he could find company.

And, for Stony Lane to tell secrets—stones do not speak.

Never mind the speech. Stone Lane felt grand when, a month hence, Mary brought her husband, the head man of Barnes' factory, into the Brice's house.

SUBMARINE OR OCEAN CABLES.—One of the difficulties in early attempts to establish submarine telegraph lines was to secure an effective mode of insulating the wires. The first substance used that seemed at all adequate to the purpose was gutta-percha, and this, it was found, must also be protected.

A cable insulated with an outside coat of gutta-percha simply was laid between Dover, in England, and Calais, in France, in 1850, and worked for one day only. In the following year another cable was laid between the two places, in which the wires, after being insulated with gutta-percha, were protected by an armor of ten heavy wires. This is still in working order.

The general plan of making submarine cables is much the same. In the first place, if more than one conducting wire is used, each must be insulated from the other. Copper wires are employed, and each one is coated with two or more concentric layers of gutta-percha.

These are then laid together to form a centre strand, and about them all are laid at least three more often four layers of gutta-percha, and besides, between these layers, a peculiar insulating compound, composed of melted gutta-percha, wood-tar and resin, is applied, which not only penetrates into the pores of the gutta-percha, but also by its adhesiveness unites the layers with each other.

Before these layers are put on, the wires are tested to make sure that they are free from defects, and that their conducting and insulation are perfect. Around the gutta-percha layers a wrapping of tarred hemp, technically called the bedding, is placed. This hemp is in strands, and by the use of a machine made for the purpose the strands are spun around the cable.

After the core has been covered with hemp it passes through the armoring-machine, by which the outside covering is put on. This is either of fine iron strands spun into wires, or iron wires covered with hemp, or copper bands.

It is necessary that deep sea cables should be as light and at the same time as durable as possible. At first heavy iron sheathing was used, but it was apt to break in deep water, and therefore the wires were substituted.

Though cables must be made stronger for deep-sea water use, because of the pressure upon them, in the shallower water near the coast they are more liable to injury from icebergs, the anchors of vessels, and the attacks of sea-animals. For this reason the shore ends are provided with a heavier armor than that which is used for the line further out.

AN ODD PEOPLE.—The natives of the South Sea Islands generally are copper-colored and are of medium size. The men and women wear simply a girdle of cocoanut leaves, called a tareva. The king's wives alone, wear linen gowns. They are as cleanly as the Japanese, and take a bath at least once a day. The men all smoke in pipes or as cigarettes, a very strong tobacco. This they shave or slice with their thumb-nail. They have no pockets, but every man has a hole bored in the lobe of each ear. In one hole he sticks the stem of his pipe when not in use; in the other the dried tobacco for his cigarette wrappers. Each man has a small patch of land, where he grows cocoanut and taro. Cocoanut, taro, and fish form their whole sustenance. The cocoanuts not used are cut and dried in the sun, and then called copra. This is their sole article of export and trade. About three hundred tons are shipped every year from the three islands.

The natives are not tattooed. They are expert divers and fishers. At night the fishing canoes go out in a long line. In the bow of each stands a man with a lighted torch, formed of dried leaves twisted round a bamboo pole. The fish jump to the light and are scooped up with hoop nets. A ship-master approaching the islands at night always keeps a good lookout for these lights as a landmark. The natives also use a large quantity of giant powder in catching fish, and many of the fishermen have been killed and maimed while using it.

They have good canoes, made of wood growing on the islands, and sewed together by fibre; they use no nails. One side of the canoe is curved; the other side straight, and furnished with outriggers, to prevent capsizing. Their war canoes are very large, and they often have fights, one tribe with another. Nearly every man possesses a rifle, and he knows how to use it. On Butaritary Island the natives are getting to be quite civilized. They are now building houses of timber. The women arrived at puberty at nine and ten years of age. It is no uncommon thing to see a girl of eleven or twelve years of age with a family. At twenty and twenty-five years of age the women, as in some parts of India, are old hags.

PHYSICAL FORCES.—In the inorganic world, the physical forces, heat, electricity, light, chemical action, etc., are mutually convertible, and are, in a way, one with the other. The organic world, there is every reason to believe, observes the same law. The energies of the animal frame, muscular, nervous and the others, are among the physical forces, as strictly so as the volcano or steam engine. When the sun's rays fall upon trees or plants a quantity of heat is absorbed and enters into the system of the tree or plant, so that the quantity sent back is less than received. In every combustible body the quantity of heat by burning is equal to the amount of heat absorbed or abstracted from the sun in order to form it. Nervous power is generated from the action of the nutriment supplied to the body. The nervous organism is a purely material structure, and is the seat of physical force. Like heat, light, electricity, and the other related forces, it is derivable from them and convertible into them. Leibnitz says: "The human mind and human body are two independent but corresponding machines. They are so adjusted that they are like two unconnected clocks, constructed so that at the same instant one should strike the hour and the other point it." L. G. W.

WEDDING CUSTOMS.—The Paris correspondent of a London daily paper in referring to floral fashion remarks: "Parisian brides and bridesmaids do not take with them to church the lovely bunch of white flowers which tradition requires the bride-groom and his best man to present, but it is nearer at the corner to hear lovely blossoms in the brougham that shall convey him and his newly-made wife back to the house of her parents after the ceremony. This is a very pretty fashion and deserves to be kept up.

"Much more beautiful than the circular and formally arranged bouquets, that used to be presented by the gentleman anxious to get into the good graces of his lady, are the rustic baskets of reeds filled with growing flowers decorated with bows of ribbon carefully chosen as to color. Long after the poor roses or what not, subjected to the process of wiring, have faded and gone, the plants flourish—a pleasant feast for the eyes and a charming decoration for the drawing-room."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

People who complain of the noise of the Sunday church bells in this city, would find it worth their while to spend a few weeks travelling in Spain, which is one of the most devout countries under the sun. Ninety thousand bells send forth their summons to prayers from the steeples of 24,000 churches. The weight of these bells amount to something like 95,000,000 of Spanish pound, and the value to about $2,000,000.

A London paper relates this case of absent mindedness: A short time since a lady took a journey on the Great Northern Railway. She put her ticket in her dress pocket, where she had several other articles, and seating herself, became earnestly engaged in conversation with a friend. The collector soon came along for tickets. When he came to this lady she drew from her pocket what she supposed to be the ticket, and without looking at it offered it to him, and continued talking; but after extending it for a short time, and he not taking it, she looked up and discovered that she was offering him a fine tooth comb.

One of the most prodigious engineering projects now on the tapis is that for tunnelling the Rocky Mountains under Tray's Peak, which rises no less than 14,441 feet above the level of the sea. It is stated that at 4,441 feet below the peak, by tunnelling from east to west for something like five miles, direct communication could be opened between the valleys on the Atlantic slope and those on the Pacific side. This would shorten the distance between Denver in Colorado and Salt Lake City in Utah, and consequently the distance between the Missouri River, say at St. Louis and San Francisco, nearly 800 miles, and there would be little more required in the way of tunnelling or excavating or tunnelling mountains. Part of the work has already been accomplished.

A few days ago a rather amusing incident, illustrating the oddities of Scotch marriage laws, took place in a parish in the northwest of Syke, by which an elderly couple, who had lived together for the last twenty years, on not too happy terms, found themselves unexpectedly married. Repeated efforts in this direction had been made by two successive parish ministers, but without success. Recently a new clergyman came to the district, and he determined to try what he could do. Having visited the house, he asked the woman if her husband was at home. She seemed to be taken aback, but recollecting that she was speaking to a stranger she said he was. A somewhat similar inquiry made of the man regarding his "wife" resulted in his giving an equally satisfactory answer. The parson then and there declared them man and wife. They both loudly protested that they would die rather than marry. Next day the minister again visited the couple, and told them they were legally, though irregularly married, and that they would have to appeal to the sheriff to get the marriage dissolved. On hearing this they agreed to make the best of the new state of existence.

A clergyman, says the Manchester (Eng.) Guardian, the vicar of Dalmoor, has been speaking on the question of marriage and marriages. He states that people are there married in batches, that the bridegrooms almost invariably get the rings too small, and have at times to break the lady's delicate little finger to induce the stubborn ring to move on. It seems to be no uncommon thing to find that the ring is the difficulty through its presence or absence. "Then again," says the vicar, "when they come to that important part of the marriage service where the minister asks the man if he will have this woman to be his wedded wife, the man will not unfrequently turn to the woman and say: 'Wilt tha' black my boots?' And the woman will invariably say: 'I will.' And the man then rejoins: 'Now, tha's said it,' and he holds her to her word. Such are Yorkshire manners." A reverend canon of the church relates that on one occasion it fell to his lot to marry his footman to his cook. The footman would persist throughout the ceremony in putting his finger to his forehead every time his master addressed him, to which he came with [illegible]. The reverend gentleman remonstrated in an undertone: "Don't touch your forehead, John, but say the words after me." Then aloud: "Wilt thou take this woman?" etc. John, bearing in mind the vicar's hint, replied: "After you, sir!" and the assembled friends burst into laughter.

THE BATTLE OF FLOWERS.—The Battle of Flowers, or the Battle of Ladies, in Paris lately, came off at the Bois de Boulogne. From two until six the fete lasted. Private carriages laden with flowers and pretty women in them drove gaily by, and at four the battle commenced. It consisted in pelting each other with flowers, of which many fell in the mud to be trampled upon by the crowd or picked up by little boys to be sold upon the street corners. The horses seemed to enjoy it, and with nosegays fastened to their heads and wreaths of Roses, they passed up and down the whole length of the Bois, which was completely covered with flowers, to the exclusion of the grass. It seemed as if the trees were showering down Rose leaves on the [illegible].

Man's natural tendency is to egotism

Our Young Folks.

LITTLE IDA'S FLOWERS.

BY HANS ANDERSEN.

"MY poor flowers are quite dead," said little Ida. "They were so beautiful last evening, and now all their leaves hang withered. How can that be?" asked she from the student who sat on the sofa.

She was very fond of him, for he knew the most beautiful tales, and could cut out such wonderful pictures; he could cut out hearts with little dancing ladies in them; flowers he could cut out, and castles with doors that would open. He was a very charming student.

"Why do the flowers look so miserably to-day?" agai asked she, and showed him a whole bouquet of withered flowers.

"Dost thou not know what ails them?" said the student; "the flowers have been to a ball last night, and, therefore, they droop so."

"But flowers cannot dance," said little Ida.

"Yes, when it is dark, and we are all asleep, then they dance about merrily: nearly every night they have a ball,' said the student.

"Can no child go to the ball?" inquired Ida.

"Yes," said the student; "little tiny daisies and lilies of the valley."

"Where do the prettiest flowers dance?" asked Ida.

"Hast thou not," said the student, "gone out of the city gate to the great castle where the king lives in summer, where there is a beautiful garden, with a great many flowers in it? Thou hast certainly seen the swans which come sailing to thee for little bits of bread. There is a regular ball, thou mayst believe."

"I was to the garden yesterday with my mother," said Ida, "but all the leaves were off the trees, and there were hardly any flowers at all. Where are they? In summer I saw such a many."

"They are gone into the castle," said the student. "Thou need, as soon as the king and all his court go away to the city, the flowers go directly out of the garden into the castle, and are very merry. Thou shouldst see them! The two most beautiful roses sit upon the throne, and are king and queen; all the red cockscombs place themselves on each side, and stand and bow, they are the chamberlains. Then all the prettiest flowers come, and so there is a great ball. The blue violets represent young midshipmen and cadets; they dance with hyacinths and crocuses, which they call young ladies. The tulips and the great yellow lilies, they are old ladies, who look on, and see that the dancing goes on properly, and that everything is beautiful."

"But is there nobody who gives the flowers anything when they dance in the king's castle?" asked little Ida.

"There is nobody who rightly knows about it," said the student. "In the summer season at night the old castle-steward goes regularly through the castle, he has a great bunch of keys with him, but as soon as ever the flowers hear the jingling of his keys they are quite still, hide themselves behind the long curtains, and peep out with their little heads. 'I can smell flowers somewhere about,' says the old castle-steward, 'but I cannot see them.'"

"That is charming," said little Ida, clapping her hands; "but could not I see the flowers?"

"Yes," said the student, "only remember the next time thou art there to peep in at the window, and then thou wilt see them. I did so one day; there lay a tall yellow Turk's-cap lily on a sofa; that was a court lady."

"And can the flowers in the botanic garden go out there? Can they come such a long way?" asked Ida.

"Yes, that thou mayst believe," said the student; "for if they like they can fly. Hast thou not seen the pretty butterflies, the red, and yellow, and white ones, they look almost like flowers, and so they have been; they have grown on stalks high up in the air, and have shot out leaves as if they were small wings, and so they fly, and when they can support them well, then they have leave given them to fly about by day. That thou must have seen thyself! But it is very possible that the flowers in the botanic garden have never been in the king's castle, nor know how merry they are there at night. And now, therefore, I will tell thee something that will put the professor of botany, who lives beside the garden into a perplexity. Thou knowest him, dost thou not? Next time thou goest into his garden do thou tell one of the flowers that there will be a great ball at the castle; it will tell it to its neighbor, and it to the next, and so on till they all know, and they will all fly away. Then the professor will come into the garden, and will not find a single flower, and he will not be able to imagine what can have become of them."

"But how can one flower tell another? Flowers cannot talk," said Ida.

"No, they cannot properly talk," replied the student, "and so they have pantomime. Hast not thou seen when it blows a little the flowers nod and move all their green leaves; that is just as intelligible as if they talked."

"Can the professor understand pantomime?" inquired Ida.

"Yes, that thou mayst believe. He came one morning down into his garden, and saw a tall yellow nettle pantomiming to a beautiful red carnation, and it was all the same as if it had said, 'Thou art so handsome, that I am very fond of thee!' The professor was not pleased with that, and struck the nettle upon its leaves, which are its fingers; but they stung him so, that from that time he never meddled with nettles again."

"That is delightful!" said little Ida, and laughed.

"Is it not the stuff to fill a child's mind with!" exclaimed the tiresome councellor, who was come in on a visit, and now sat on the sofa. He could not bear the student, and always grumbled when he saw him cutting out the beautiful and funny pictures,—now a man hanging on a gallows, with a heart in his hand, because he had stolen hearts; and now an old lady riding on a horse, with her husband sitting on her nose. The cross old councellor could not bear any of these, and always said as he did now, "Is that the stuff to cram a child's head with! It is a stupid fancy!"

But for all that, little Ida thought that what the student had told her about the flowers was so charming, that she could not help thinking of it. The flowers hung down their heads, because they had been at the ball, and were quite worn out. She took them away with her to her other playthings, which lay upon a pretty little table, the drawers of which were all full of her fine things. In the doll's bed lay her doll, Sophie, asleep; but for all that little Ida said to her, "Thou must actually get up, Sophie, and be thankful to lie in the drawer to-night, for the poor flowers are ill, and so they must lie in thy bed, and, perhaps, they will then get well."

With this she took up the doll, but it looked so cross, and did not say a single word; for it was angry that it must be turned out of its bed.

So Ida laid the flowers in the doll's bed, tucked them in very nicely, and said, that now they must lie quite still, and she would go and get tea ready for them, and they should get quite well again by to-morrow morning; and then she drew the little curtains close round the bed, that the sun might not blind them.

All the evening long she could not help thinking about what the student had told her; and then when she went to bed herself, she drew back the curtains from the windows where her mother's beautiful flowers stood, both hyacinths and tulips, and she whispered quite softly to them, "I know that you will go to the ball to-night!" but the flowers looked as if they did not understand a word which she said, and did not move a leaf—but little Ida knew what she knew.

When she was in bed, she lay for a long time thinking how delightful it would be to see the beautiful flowers dancing in the king's castle.

"Can my flowers actually have been there?" and with these words she fell asleep. In the night she woke; she had been dreaming about the flowers, and the student, whom the chancellor said stuffed her head with nonsense. It was quite silent in the chamber where Ida lay; the night lamp was burning on the table, and her father and mother were asleep.

"Are my flowers now lying in Sophie's bed?" said she to herself; "how I should like to know!" She lifted herself up a little in bed, and looked through the door, which stood ajar, and in that room lay the flowers, and all her playthings. She listened, and it seemed to her as if some one was playing on the piano, which stood in that room, but so softly and so sweetly as she had never heard before.

"Now, certainly, all the flowers are dancing in there," said she; "Oh, how I should like to go and see!" but she did not dare to get up, lest she would wake her father and mother. "If they would only just come in here!" said she; but the flowers did not come, and the music continued to play so sweetly. She could not resist it any longer, for it was so delightful; so she crept out of her little bed, and went, quite softly, to the door, and peeped into the room. Nay! what a charming sight she beheld.

There was not any night-lamp in the room, and yet it was quite light; the moon shone through the window into the middle of the floor, and it was almost as light as day. All the hyacinths and tulips stood in two long rows along the floor; they were not any longer in the window, where stood the empty pots. All the flowers were dancing so beautifully, one round another, on the floor; they made a regular chain, and took hold of one another's green leaves when they swung round. But there sat at the piano a great yellow lily, which little Ida had certainly seen in the summer, for she remembered very well that the student had said, "Nay, how like Miss Linda it is!" and they had all laughed at him. But now it seemed really to Ida as if the tall, yellow lily resembled the young lady, and that also, really on just as if she was playing, now she and her long, yellow face on one side, now on the other, and nodded the time to the charming music. Not one of them observed little Ida.

She now saw a large blue crocus spring upon the middle of the table where the playthings lay, go straight to the doll's bed, and draw aside the curtains, where lay the sick flowers; but they raised themselves up immediately, and nodded one to another, as much as to say that they also would go with them and dance. The old snapdragon, whose under lip was broken off, stood up and bowed to the pretty flowers, which did not look poorly at all, and they hopped down among the others, and were very merry.

All at once it seemed as if something had fallen down from the table. Ida looked towards it; it was the Easter-wand, which had heard the flowers. It was also very pretty; upon the top of it was set a little wax-doll, which had just such a broad hat upon its head as that which the chancellor wore. The Easter-wand hopped about upon its three red, wooden legs, and stamped quite loud, for it danced the mazurka; and there was not one of the flowers which could dance that dance, because they were so light and could not stamp.

The wax-doll upon the Easter-wand seemed to become taller and stouter, and whirled itself round above the paper flowers on the wand, and exclaimed, quite loud, "Is that the nonsense to stuff a child's mind with! It is a stupid fancy!"—And the wax doll was precisely like the cross old chancellor with the broad hat, and looked just as yellow and ill-tempered as he did; but the paper flowers knocked him on the thin legs, and with that he shrunk together again, and became a little tiny wax-doll. It was charming to see it! little Ida could hardly help laughing. The Easter-wand continued to dance, and the chancellor was obliged to dance too; it mattered not whether he made himself so tall and big, or whether he were the little yellow wax-doll, with the great black hat. Then came up the other flowers, especially those which had lain in Sophie's bed, and so the Easter-rod left off dancing.

At that very moment a great noise was heard within the drawer where Ida's doll, Sophie, lay, with so many of her playthings; and with this the snapdragon ran up to the corner of the table, lay down upon his stomach, and opened the drawer a little bit. With this Sophie raised herself up, and looked round her in astonishment.

"There is a ball here!" said she, "and why has not anybody told me of it!"

"Wilt thou dance with me?" said the snapdragon.

"Yes, thou art a fine one to dance with!" said she, and turned her back upon him. So she seated herself upon the drawer, and thought that to be sure some one of the flowers would come and engage her, but not one came; so she coughed a little, hem! hem! hem! but for all that not one came. The snapdragon danced alone, and that was not so very bad either!

As now none of the flowers seemed to see Sophie, she let herself drop heavily out of the drawer down upon the floor,—and that gave a great alarum; all the flowers at once came running up and gathered around her, inquiring if she had hurt herself; and they were all so exceedingly kind to her, especially those which had lain in her bed. But she had not hurt herself at all, and all Ida's flowers thanked her for the beautiful bed, and they paid her so much attention, and took her into the middle of the floor, where the moon shone, and danced with her, whilst all the other flowers made a circle around them.

Sophie was now very much delighted; and she said they would be very welcome to her bed, for that she had not the least objection to lie in the drawer.

But the flowers said, "Thou shalt have as many thanks as if we used it, but we cannot live so long! To-morrow we shall be quite dead; but now tell little Ida," said they, "that she must bury us down in the garden, where the canary-bird lies, and so we shall grow up again next summer, and be much prettier than ever!"

"No, you shall not die!" said Sophie, and the flowers kissed her. At that very moment the room door opened, and a great crowd of beautiful flowers came dancing in. Ida could not conceive where they came from; they must certainly have been all the flowers out of the king's castle. First of all went two most magnificent roses, and they had little gold crowns on, they were a king and a queen; then came the most lovely gillyflowers and carnations, and they bowed first on this side and then on that.

They had brought music with them; great big poppies and pionies blew upon pea-pods, till they were red in the face. The blue bells and the little white convolvulus rung as if they were musical bells. It was charming music. Then came in many other flowers, and they danced all together; the blue violets and the red daisies, the anemones and the lilies of the valley; and all the flowers kissed one another; it was delightful to see it!

At last they all bade one another good night, and little Ida also went to her bed, where she dreamed about everything that she had seen.

The next morning, when she got up, she went as quickly as she could to her little table, to see whether the flowers were there still; she drew aside the curtains from the little bed;—yes, there they all lay together, but they were quite withered, much more than yesterday. Sophie lay in the drawer, where she had put her; she looked very sleepy.

"Canst thou remember what thou hast to tell me?" said little Ida; but Sophie looked quite stupid, and did not say one single word.

"Thou art not at all good," said Ida, "and yet they all danced with thee!"

So she took a little paper box, on which were painted beautiful birds, and this she opened and laid in it the dead flowers.

"This shall be your pretty coffin," said she, "and when my Norwegian cousins come, they shall go with me and bury you, down in the garden, that next summer you may grow up again, and be lovelier than ever!"

The Norwegian cousins were two lively boys, who were called Jonas and Adolph; their father had given them two new cross-bows, and these they brought with them to Ida. She told them about the poor flowers which were dead, and as they got leave to bury them. The two boys went first, with their cross-bows on their shoulders; and little Ida came after, with the dead flowers in the pretty little box. Down in the garden they dug a little grave. Ida kissed the flowers, and then put them in their box, down into the earth, and Jonas and Adolph stood with their cross-bows above the grave, for they had neither arms nor cannon.

THE DECEITFUL MAN.—"Yes, it's awful tiresome work," sighed the pretty young brunette who attends the second delivery window on the thumb-hand side of Post-office Station K. "And it's mostly the fault of you horrid men, too."

"How so?" said the usual horrid man who sympathizes with pretty mail clerks from the outside of the window.

"Why, you are forever going out of town to Santa Cruz or somewhere and promising to write to your sweethearts, which, of course, you never do—never think of it again. Then you come back and swear you wrote three times apiece, and then the girls come round here and raise a fuss over our losing their letters."

"Make a row, eh?"

"I should say they did. They drop in every day and abuse the mail system, and we have to pacify them by filling up 'bluff' blanks to forward to the Dead Letter Office."

"Bluff blanks?"

"Yes, we call letters that we know have never been written 'bluffs.' Of course we never find any traces of them, and then the women abuse us more than ever. Write complaints to the P. M. G. and all that."

"Do, eh?"

"Why, there was one woman—an ugly, old, spiteful thing too—used to come here every day and make a regular circus about a letter a gentleman swore he had sent her last summer. She reported me to the superintendent nine times for impertinence. Finally she actually accused me of stealing the letter to read myself. The idea—just as if—"

"No?"

"Yes she did. But I settled her. I found out who the man was, and I called on him and got him to sign an affidavit that he never wrote the letter at all. That made her madder than ever, but I got good and even with her after all."

"How so?"

"Well—I—ahem—I—you see I'm engaged to the gentleman now myself. Served her right, too;" and with a resigned smile the long-suffering martyr glided off to wrangle with an old lady who claimed that the stamps she bought yesterday were second-hand and had been licked before.

THE AGE OF ANIMALS.—There is not a great deal known yet of the age of animals, especially of those that have not been domesticated. The following are a few of the many interesting notes on the subject: There is a belief among the East Indians that the elephant lives about 300 years, and instances are on record of those animals having been kept in captivity as long as 130 years, their age being unknown when they were first taken wild from the forest.

Camels live from 40 to 50 years; horses at a age from 20 to 30; oxen about 20; sheep 8 or 10, and dogs from 12 to 14 years.

Some kinds of birds attain a great age. The swan has been known to live 100 years, and it is recorded that the raven has exceeded that age. Birds of prey attain to great longevity, and the eagle has survived a century. Parrots have been known to live 70 and as long as 80 years. Pheasants and domestic poultry rarely exceed 12 or 15 years. A tortoise was placed in the garden of the Archiepiscopal Palace of Lambeth in 1633, during the life of Archbishop Laud, and lived till 1753, when it perished by accident. Small batrachians, as the toad, are known to live about 15 years. Fishes and animals that live in the water attain, in many instances, to a great age. The carp has been known to live 200 years. Common river trout have been confined in a well 30 and even 50 years. A pike has been known to live in a pond 90 years; and Gesner relates that in 1497 an enormous pike was caught in a lake near Heilbronn, in Swabia, with a brass ring attached to it, recording that it was put in the lake in the year 1230; the ring is still preserved at Mannheim.

Little is known of the age attained by animals of the lower types, such as articulata, mollusca, and radiata.

THE NUMBER THREE.—Three things that never become rusty: the money of the benevolent, the shoes of the butcher's horse, and a woman's tongue. Three things not easily done: to allay thirst with fire, to dry wet with water, and to please all in everything that is done. Three things that are as good as the best: brown bread in famine, well water in thirst, and a gray coat in cold. Three things as good as their better: dirty water to extinguish the fire, an ugly wife to a blind man, and a wooden sword to a coward. Three warnings from the grave: "Thou knowest what I was, thou seest what I am, remember what thou art to be." Three things that ought never to be from home: the cat, the chimney, and the housewife. Three essentials to a false story-teller: a good memory, a bold face, and fools for an audience. Three things that are seen in a peacock: the garb of an angel, the walk of a thief, and the voice of the devil. Three things it is unwise to boast of: the flavor of thy ale, the beauty of thy wife, and the contents of thy purse.

No plant is better adapted to house culture than the pansy. To save the seed, select the largest, brightest flowers and cut off all other buds and blossoms. As the seed pod matures it can be tied up in gauze to prevent the seed from scattering, and when fully ripe can be planted directly in sandy loam.

WOULD WE RETURN AGAIN?

BY ALEXANDER LAMONT.

If, o'er the silent river of sweet rest
We had outsailed all earthly woe;
If, from the shriven soul within our breast
The countless sins of long ago
Had all been blotted out by God's own Hand;
If then with choruses sublime
There gladly hailed us from the shining strand
The souls of bygone time—
Would we return again?

If we, though having reached the rest which waits
Brave hearts, all weary and footsore,
Got glimpses from the open jasper gates
Of those sweet souls we loved of yore,
And who were walking now in ways of sin
With tired feet, bleeding and unshod:
With eager hope that we might lead them in
Across the golden hills of God—
Would we return again?

If love no longer held our heart in thrall,
If we had waked from out its dream;
If of life's cup our lips had drained the gall,
And joy had passed from grove and stream;
If then, from out the gloom of buried years,
A voice came o'er the lone, hushed land;
And if, amidst deep penitential tears,
One reached to us a tender hand—
Would we return again?

If we had passed the gates of easeful death,
And left behind all woe and moan,
Would we resume again our mortal breath,
And tread our way back all alone?
Would it be well that what high wisdom brought
Should from our soul again be riven,
With many a shining, pure, celestial thought
Within our waning dream of heaven?—
Would we return again?

Oh, weary world of care and stings and scorn,
Oh, kindly, sweet rest-giving grave,
We would not leave again the Better Morn,
Nor swim Death's stream of cold, dark wave!
Safe haven for the spirit tossed so long,
Eternal home which quenchless love has brought,
Save longing that our loved might join our song,
Our souls on sombre wings of earthly thought,
Would ne'er return again!

ONE THING WITH ANOTHER.

A man coming out of a dark cave on a perfectly clear night, when the moon is at the full and the stars shining in all their radiance, would be apt to exclaim, "How brilliant everything appears! It is almost as light as day;" whereas, if he had been basking for some hours in the meridian blaze of the sun, and were suddenly enveloped in the moonlight, the face of nature would seem to be clothed in sable gloom.

When lamps and candles first came into use, no doubt the world thought that it had reached the most perfect form of artificial light, the contrast being so great between the clear, steady rays of these new inventions and the flickering blaze of the pine-knot to which the people had been accustomed.

A hundred years ago the Argand burner was invented, which literally threw the old-fashioned lamp into the shade; but, with the introduction of gas, there came another evolution, and the lamp and candle "paled their ineffectual fires" in the face of this wonderful illuminator. How dark and dismal the streets looked that lay beyond the reach of the gasometer, and still continued to be lighted after a poor fashion by the antiquated oil lamps!

Who supposed that the time was soon coming when the brightness of the gas-burner was to be eclipsed by another form of light, surpassed by nothing save the blinding radiance of the noon-day sun! This we have lived to see, and the gas-lighted street looks drearier and darker, when the electric fire is shining near by, than the oil-lighted street did when gas came in. It is all a matter of contrast—of comparing one thing with another.

The elephant is a monster in size as compared with the common house fly, while the fly is a still greater monster in size in comparison with the myriads of living beings below him. In fact, the fly is said to represent the average standard of size, taking all grades of living creatures into account.

In the Bermudas there are a great many intelligent people who have no idea of geographical extent, beyond the islands which surround them; the size of the inhabited earth, so far as their personal observation extends, being limited to the nineteen square miles of solid land, which is all they have ever seen of our great globe.

England seems to cover a large area to those who have never had the opportunity to compare it to other countries; but there is room in the United States, for example, for sixty Englands.

The size of the earth is too great to be grasped by our minds with any definiteness of conception, and yet there is room enough in the sun for a million and a half such worlds as ours, while Sirius, the queen of the heavens, is three hundred and ninety times larger than the sun. Again, it is all a matter of contrasting one thing with another.

A day in the polar region, when the thermometer happens to rise to a degree or two above zero, would be regarded by the Esquimaux as peculiarly mild and balmy, and they would crawl out of their snow-huts to bask in the grateful warmth of the atmosphere. In Borneo, or anywhere else in the vicinity of the equator, the bitter cold of such a day would be intolerable, and prove destructive to animal and vegetable life.

The view we take of everything depends upon the principle of contrast and comparison. Many years ago the majority of our ancestors lived in mud huts, with no chimneys or glass windows, with no separate apartments, by day or by night, no carpets on the floor, and more generally no floor except the earth. As late as the fifteenth century, the household furniture of respectable, well-to-do families consisted of a bed—though this was a luxury by no means universal—a brass pot for cooking purposes a gridiron, a brass cup, a rag or two, and a towel. They had no chairs or tables, and even in the houses of the nobility there was nothing but a chest to sit upon. With their habits of life cleanliness was impossible, and it was considered extravagant to have clean straw on the floor every day. They lived for the most part on salted meats, and in the reign of Henry VIII. the most common vegetables were unknown. They had no tea or coffee, and no such variety of bread stuffs as are common in the humblest households now.

If any of us were suddenly reduced to this style of living, the discomfort would be intolerable, but it is not to be supposed that our venerable ancestors had any such feeling growing out of the way in which they were obliged to live. They never had any experience of a better style of life, and were content with things as they were.

Ignorance and enlightenment are relative terms; and the man who is considered very learned and wise in one generation, might be looked upon as deficient in the simplest rudiments of knowledge if he lived in a different generation. There are few persons in the community who cannot give a correct explanation of a hundred facts in nature, over which so great a man as Lord Bacon puzzled his brains in vain. He could not tell what made the wind blow, or why the fire should feel hotter, or any object look larger, as we draw near it. The simplest elements of science in his day, were a sealed book to the most learned, and our school-boys and girls can talk learnedly of matters with which the profoundest minds, in former ages, could not grapple.

A life that is rounded by a hundred years seems to us very long, but what is that life compared with the countless generations that have come and gone since man first appeared upon the earth? And what is all this "abysm of time" compared with the great eternity which none can comprehend but the Great Being who fills all space and all time with His presence?

Grains of Gold.

The smallest act of charity shall stand us in great stead.

Happiness and unhappiness are qualities of mind, not of place or position.

Put this restriction on your pleasures: Be cautious that they injure no being which has life.

Promises made in the time of affliction require a better memory than people commonly possess.

A bitter jest is the poison of friendship; and he who restrains not his tongue shall live in trouble.

Simplicity, of all things, is the hardest to be copied, and ease is only to be acquired with the greatest labor.

Idleness is the hotbed of temptation, the cradle of disease, the waster of time, the canker-worm of felicity.

Were we resolutely determined to avoid vices, the world foists them on us, as thieves put off their plunder on the guiltless.

I can easier, says a philosopher, teach twenty what were good to be done than be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching.

If doing what ought to be done be made the first business, and success a secondary consideration, is not this the way to exalt virtue?

No one in anger is fit to estimate an offence or to redress a wrong; and he who attempts it is sure to have cause for regret, if not for bitter repentance.

Femininities.

Spend less nervous energy each day than you make.

A good way to make the children tell the truth is to tell it yourself.

Tortoise shell combs are said to be again coming into fashion for ladies' wear.

Honor women! They strew celestial roses on the pathway of our terrestrial life.

In Chicago a few days ago a Mr. Halter married a Miss Rope, and the officiating clergyman was Rev. Mr. Knott.

The States of Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Louisiana, Michigan, Mississippi and Tennessee employ women as librarians.

The purer the golden vessel the more readily is it bent; the higher worth of women is sooner lost than that of men.

The newest freak of fashion is to have the dress, hat, gloves, boots and stockings of the same color as the lady's hair.

An arm-chair made of a million immortelles on toothpicks was one of the curiosities at the Florists' Convention in Chicago.

A salad made of greenbacks and bank checks graced the wedding collation of a railroad president's daughter the other day.

When laid away for any length of time, linen should be washed, rough dried without lining, and laid in loose folds without much weight on it.

A Mrs. Weidman, of Davis county, Iowa, trod on a potato bug with her bare foot, crushed the insect, and the poison killed her within two hours.

"With all thy false, I love thee still," quoted the husband, as he stroked his wife's hair, and then she smiled upon him with her celluloid teeth.

The Empress of Japan, who is thinking of visiting this country in October, will travel incognito, and her suite will include two of the imperial princes.

An Indiana peddler who eloped with a farmer's wife, returned to the farm inside of a fortnight and asked the farmer to throw in a horse to make him whole.

Masher, to veiled lady in railroad car: "Is this seat engaged, madam?" Veiled lady: "Yes, sir; I'm goin' for cook my feet up there in a minit an' take a nap!"

The simplest remedy for freckles ye' heard of is a mustard plaster kept on just long enough not to blister. Iron rust water has also been recommended.

Miss Belle Williams was married at the head of her mother's coffin to H. S. Fitch, in Elmira, N. Y., recently. The dying mother had so enjoined. The bride was in black.

A Michigan woman has crocheted a dress out of common spool thread. It is said to be beautifully flowered, and 10,000 yards of thread were used in its construction.

Bar Harbor boasts of a $75,000 washerwoman. Her house, which she owns, is worth that much; but she refuses to sell it, and continues to wash and starch, as of yore.

Boiled potatoes ought to be laid out on a plate, and are then as good for frying or mashing as if they were freshly cooked. If left heaped up they will often spoil in one night.

Pleasure is to women what the sun is to the flower; if moderately enjoyed, it beautifies, it refreshes and it improves; if immoderately, it withers, deteriorates and destroys.

Mrs. Charles Palmer, of California, alleges in her bill for divorce that her husband has slept with his boots on for the last 18 years, and she has concluded to stand it no longer.

A unique idea for a small watch is a satin-finished cover into which a diamond-shaped outline is cut and divided into smaller diamonds, in each of which is seen in turn a brilliant, a ruby or a sapphire.

A new design in ladies' girdle chains is in the form of a ship's rope, the end of which passes through a dead-eye. Connected with the rope's end is a seaman's hook to which either a fan or parasol can be attached.

As to mothers-in-law: They are speaking of an old lady who died at the age of 103 years. "Was she really as old as that?" "Yes, indeed, and sensible to the last. She abused her son-in-law only the night before she died."

It isn't the girl of the period who makes a spectacle of herself at the seashore. The real girl of this period is just as nice and sensible and modest and altogether lovely as the girl of any other period, and please to remember it.

A fashionable young woman was seen in the street, the other day, with her hair combed. Much alarm was felt by her friends until it was ascertained that it was only a case of absent-mindedness. The young woman had forgotten to frizzle it.

Bride: "My dear, I wish you would bring home one of those boxes of French bon-bons to-night." Husband: "What?" "And after tea it will be real pleasant to go out and get some ice cream." "Great stars and stripes! Why, we're married!"

Miss C. L. Patterson, the female jeweler of Rock Island, Ill., has failed in business owing to the manifest repugnance of women to patronize one of their own sex. Miss Patterson owned a bijouterie store, but the ladies preferred to go elsewhere and she was obliged to make an assignment.

"Sis," he said, "do you know where my base-ball mask is? I've hunted high and low for it." "I didn't know you wanted to use it to-day, Dick," said his sister, uneasily. "Well, I do." "I'll see if I can find it for you," and she went up stairs. She found it without much trouble.

The following genuine advertisement appeared lately in the agony column of a foreign contemporary: "A young and in her own estimation exceedingly pretty young lady, with musical tastes and of good education, without means, seeks for her clinging ivy nature a strong firm oak in the shape of a companion of the male sex—age not less than thirty."

Masculinities.

A man should maintain his integrity at all times.

General Boulanger's latest honor is to have a soap named after him.

Statistics show that in the whole of Europe women have a majority of 4,379,000.

The Prince of Wales is said to be a frequent borrower on the London "street."

A deaf man was struck by a locomotive near Seward, Ill., and his hearing restored.

"Where is my boy or where is my girl to-night?" should oftener be asked by parents.

Never use blue ink in writing to a red-haired girl. Violet matches her complexion best.

A new electric sewing machine is spoken of which will eclipse all recent inventions in that line.

Keep out of bad company, for the chance is that when the devil fires into a flock he will hit somebody.

The columbine was anciently termed "a thankless flower," and was also emblematical of forsaken lovers.

The Tailors' Guild of Madrid has made a very elaborate uniform for the King of Spain. The King is a year old.

The insanity of a young married man in Spartanburg, S. C., is attributed by the attendant doctors solely to his excessive use of cigarettes.

A man who is 93 years old is still working in a mine in Schuylkill county, Pa. He has his third wife, and is the father of an even three dozen children.

Miss Golddollar: "Excuse my yawning, Mr. Seeker." Mr. S.: "Certainly. I suppose you have many tiresome callers?" Miss G.: "Oh, no; you're the first."

An enterprising native has reached a climax in perfecting the umbrella. He has provided it with a patent window through which the pedestrian can see who is ahead of him.

One of the latest German inventions is a machine for blacking boots, furnished with wheels, which work the various brushes. The patent is being taken out by an English firm.

How many a man, by throwing himself to the ground in despair, crushes and destroys for ever a thousand flowers of hope that were ready to spring up and gladden all his pathway.

Rev. Dr. Twitchell, of Hartford, Conn., has a large family of children. Growing tired of selecting names, he dubbed his tenth child "Tenny," a name as euphonious as it is significant.

No man knows how much he really loves a woman until she has presented him with the worked canvas for the sides of a natty traveling bag, and he has paid $7 or $8 for having it made up.

At last the fair sex is to have a real dress protector. It consists of shields of thin water-proof material, shaped to fit next the skin, and straps to hold the shields in place and without discomfort to the wearer.

The new craze is the no-beard craze. Art people assure us that the human face is disfigured by a beard, and that men wear beards to hide their defects of physiognomy. Now, which of these two is to be?

The left leg of Howard Williamson, a farmer of Mount Sterling, Ky., began to harden early in the year, and has gradually ossified until it is now said to be like a piece of sculptured marble. He suffers no pain from it.

De Garmo: "Wonderful shot, that of Henry's! Why, he hit the bull's eye nine times in succession yesterday!" Miss de Peyster, member of the Borgh Society: "Yes, but just think of the sufferings of that poor bull. Men are such brutes!"

Rev. Stephen Gladstone, son of "the grand old man," has for 18 years presided over the parish in which Hawarden Castle is situated. He was appointed by his father to the living—about the richest private living in England, yielding about $16,000 a year.

Thomas Stevens, the bicycler who traveled around the world on his wheel, states that one custom that appears to be universal is the use of tobacco. In some form or other, he says, the weed is used by the men of every country, and in most of them by the women as well.

John Brown, 21 years old, residing in a farm with his mother three miles north of Lapeer, Mich., deliberately put a bullet through the palm of his hand with a revolver to evade work. He submitted himself to the same ordeal about a year ago, only using the other hand as a target.

A Utica man was walking home the other night when he heard a splash in the Erie Canal and a struggle in the water. He at once plunged in to rescue the drowning person, but found that it was a dog. Not to be deprived of the pleasure of rescuing something, he rescued the dog and took it home with him.

Arnold B. Johnson, Charles Sumner's private secretary, speaks of the great statesman's sweet tooth in a current magazine article. Sumner was especially fond of chocolate creams, and held that so long as he could eat candy his digestion was in good order. He never smoked, and never tasted of whisky but once.

Two insane persons, occupying the same cell, were cured by a shrewd physician in a curious way. Each of the unfortunate men was privately intrusted with the care of the other, and was made to believe that, while he himself was regarded as mentally sound, the other was not. By the constant and active use of their mental faculties in this work both were eventually restored and discharged as sane.

Men and women are like leaves, blown about by every wind; or like clay, receiving and retaining whatever impress is made upon it. They have an inward force, enabling them to control to a large extent the influences that bear upon them—to welcome some, to resist others, and not only passively to receive, but actively to digest and to assimilate that which they receive, so that it becomes a very part of themselves.

Recent Book Issues.

F. McCall, of Twin Lakes, Minnesota, publishes a little book entitled "Thoughts on Theological and Scientific Subjects." It can be read with interest and pleasure. Price, 25 cents.

"Brother Against Brother" is a story of the Great Rebellion, by J. R. Musick. It is full of life and incident, with plenty of plot, such as it is, and will certainly not disappoint any who like its particular class of reading. Ogilvie & Co., publishers, New York.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The *American Magazine* for September opens with a sketch of Curacao, that quaint old Dutch city of the Western Hemisphere, by Dr. W. F. Hutchinson. Edgar Fawcett's serial, "Olivia Delaplaine," increases in interest. "Our New Navy" is described by Lieut. W. S. Hughes, and the Canadian military system by J. Macdonald Oxley. Dr. A. S. Isaacs presents an interesting review of Jewish progress in America. Some of the short poems and fragmentary verses of Richard Realf are given. Other interesting contributions are "A Woman Who Failed," "Hunting Ku-Klux," "A Sin Not to be Forgiven," and "Some Curious Sea-Words." There is the usual quantity of poetry. The various departments are filled with the usual entertaining matter, the "Pulpit," this month being devoted to the life of Bishop Simpson, the great Methodist orator. $3 a year; published by the American Magazine Company, Nos. 130 and 132 Pearl street, New York.

The leading paper in the always welcome *Magazine of American History* for September is a biographical sketch of the distinguished revolutionary officer, General James M. Varnum. The handsome portrait of the general forms the frontispiece to the number. "The second article is "How California Was Secured." Then comes "Our Revolutionary Thunder." Nothing, however, will attract more genuine appreciation than the fourth paper, entitled "Union, Secession, Abolition, as illustrated in the careers of Webster, Calhoun and Sumner." It is followed by the "United States and Greek Revolution." "The Mayas; their Customs, Laws and Religion," is the sixth article. "The curious will be entertained with "Running Antelope's Autobiography," chiefly given in pictograph—the Indian's method of chronicling events. The shorter papers are of much importance. Its departments are also filled with good things. Published at 743 Broadway, New York City.

Lippincott's Monthly Magazine for September opens with a brilliant romance entitled "The Red Mountain Mines," by Lew Vanderpoole, author of "Ruhainah," etc., in which the pioneer life of California is painted with a firm and artistic hand. An article of great and timely interest in view of the approaching Constitutional Centennial to be held in Philadelphia, is Moncure D. Conway's "A Suppressed Statesman." It deals with the life of Edmund Randolph of Virginia, a name now almost unknown, to whom Mr. Conway insists that the initiation and ratification of the Constitution were especially due. Genie Holtzmeyer (Mrs. Sidney Rosenfeldt) contributes an amusing bit of autobiography entitled "How an English Girl Sought to Make a Living." Frank Carpenter reports a conversation with the man who captured John Wilkes Booth. James Cummings writes of "Social Life at John Hopkins University." Poems, Monthly Gossip, etc. J. B. Lippincott Company.

The September *St. Nicholas* opens with an attractive frontispiece by Mary Hallock Foote, illustrating "Tib Tyler's Beautiful Mother." A paper that will interest boys is the article on "Christ's Hospital"—the famous "Blue-coat School" of London. Both girls and boys will be interested in the account, in E. S. Brooks' "Historic Girls" series of "Christina of Sweden" "The Babyhood of William Dean Howells" is pleasantly treated. General Adam Badeau writes comprehensively and thrillingly of the "Battle of Gettysburg" and Pickett's glorious but futile charge; while George J. Mason shows the young man who is "Ready for Business," and wishes to become a "Sea Captain," the bright and sunny sides of a sailor's life. The serials by Miss Baylor and H. H. Boyesen are continued, with joy for "Juan and Juanita," and sorrow for "Fiddle-John's Family." The "Brownies" indulge in "Archery," and there are poems and pictures in plenty. The Century Company, publishers, New York.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for September, opens with the third of Hon. David A. Wells' exceedingly valuable papers on "The Economic Disturbances since 1873." These articles evince the most thorough and comprehensive study of the important subject. Dr. A. de Watteville contributes a paper full of curious and interesting matter concerning "Sleep and its Counterfeits." Among the other papers are, "Industrial Education Two Centuries Ago," by George P. Morris; the third of Henry J. Philpott's papers on "Social Sustenance," devoted to "Specialization;" an interesting article on "Cork, its Manufacture and Properties," by Arthur Good and William Anderson, fully illustrated; Speeches at the Recent Tyndall Banquet," by Professors Stokes and Tyndall, Sir Lyon Playfair, the Earl of Derby and others; "Some Human Instincts," second paper, by Prof. William James; "Physiology of Freezing," by Dr. von Nussbaum; sketch of John J. Audobon, with a very strong picture of the great naturalist as a frontispiece. The departments are filled with timely matter. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

ASTROLOGERS AND DIVINES.

In Persia the astrologer is a power. An astrologer is a man of science, a member of a recognized learned profession. It is his duty and privilege to "rule the stars," to predict the fate of men and nations, to cast horoscopes, to be consulted by rich and poor on every action of importance. The chief astrologer is a high court official whose judgment is final, from whose ruling there is no appeal.

Like most of the professions in Persia, the knowledge, real or pretended, of the astrologer is handed down generally from father to son. He is quite serious as he predicts that the Asylum of the Universe must not start on a hunting expedition on Thursday, but that half an hour on Saturday will be the "fortunate hour."

Nor is this simple nonsense; for if you ask the question of any of these modern magi, the answer will be the same; these learned doctors never differ, though they may miscalculate. Every hour in the day, every day in the year, is worked out as fortunate, indifferent or unlucky, in their manuscript ephemerae, their Eastern Books of Fate.

Their stock in trade other than their calendars is a plumb-line, a level, a watch, a celestial sphere, and an astrolabe. These astrolabes are of the form of a gigantic watch, and are very often beautifully made.

Every large town contains at least two astrologers; and these men do not starve, for they can always afford a long dark cloak of finest broadcloth, without which a Persian astrologer would be entirely incomplete.

Omens, *fals*, and *istikhara*, or the decision by lot, are universal in Persia. The most common form of *istikhara*, or "tossing-up," is done with the ordinary rosary which is carried by every Mussulman. A bead is grasped haphazard: "Good, bad, indifferent," is ejaculated at each bead till the big terminal one is reached; that decides the question.

In common conversation, the Persians continually answer according to the indication given by the rosary—that is to say, they lie or tell the truth according to this peculiar manifestation of the will of Heaven. A merchant makes or refuses a bargain under this guidance. Nor will any serious act of life be done without invoking the fates.

The diviner is a charlatan pure and simple, but he is useful, very useful. By trading on the fears of common people, the diviner will often recover stolen property. He will heap up a mound of earth and make an incantation over it, announcing that the stolen article will be found in the heap next day. The property returns, for the diviner has informed the servants that in case of failure, the thief will surely burst or turn blue for ills. Or he will place a pot supposed to be empty, in a dark room. The suspects are told to enter one by one and dip their hands in. All are stained, for the pot contains dye, save one man, the culprit. Or all are shut in a dark empty room, and a bit of reed is given to each. The diviner, with much ceremony and prayer, informs his victims that the reed of the guilty man will grow. Of course the criminal bites or shortens his reed, and is thus detected.

Jadu is the preparation of a charm against a person. The professors of *jadu* are generally old women, negresses or Jewesses by preference. The usual way is to frighten the victim.

A brick or flat tile is placed in the obnoxious person's room; a rude diagram in chalk or charcoal is scrawled upon it at the corners; and in the middle are placed small tufts of cotton wool saturated with naphtha or oil; these are lighted, and the victim fades away or dies, usually from fear. Often the *jadu* is merely the blind for the deliberate administration of poison. Love-potions, philters, and their like are common.

A MARRIAGE MAZE.—An amusing hour can be spent at the Maze in Hampton Court, London. The visitor goes round and round, walks now this way and anon that for many a weary minute, if no guide directs him, before he comes to the point from which he started. Military marriages in France seem to be conducted upon very much the same plan. The officer who has determined to wed, first of all has to inform his own colonel of his intentions. The colonel then draws up a formidable-looking document, and sends it on to the War Office, and the War Office, having considered it, passes it on to the Minister of War. This completes the first stage of the proceedings.

It is now the Minister's business to discover if the young lady fulfils the requirements of law, which lays down that she must have an irreproachable character, and a fortune worth ten thousand francs per year. These inquiries slowly filter through the War Office down to the officer commanding the gendarmerie of the district where the young lady lives. A detective is now employed to get at the facts of the case, and he sends up a full report as to her movements, the places of amusement she visits, her prospects, the standing of the family of which she is a member, and, in fact, a mass of detail which would appal the most confirmed Government redtapist in England.

This report now slowly, and step by step, finds its way back again to the War Office, and on to the Minister of War, and, finally, after months of waiting, and as much investigation as if the fortunes of the universe depended upon the match, should all be found satisfactory, the lucky officer is permitted, provided he has got his parents' consent, to forsake the lonely paths of bachelorism for the occasionally blithesome ways of the happy Benedict.

THE REAL HOME.—It may seem like rank heresy to some people, but we doubt if it is well to be too strict a housekeeper. Cleanliness is next to godliness, but after that a house is made to live in, and happiness is more valuable than carpeting. Meals also are for people, not people for meals; and beds are to sleep in, not merely to be made up with dress pillows and sheet shams. If one of your daughters is healthier for sleeping late, let her do it, and keep her breakfast for her. If is comfortable to sit in the parlor and put back the curtains and let the sun in, do it. If the children want to "do things" with paper and sticks and paints and worsteds, let them have a place and go to work. You are then (though not aware of it) keeping the best sort of Kindergarten school for them. They learn form and color and the use of their fingers over their "messing." In fact, when God has given you a home, let it be one. Use it, enjoy it. If you can afford to keep a room apart for callers, it may be advisable to do so, but do not hinder yourself from work or pleasure because of a little disarrangement in domestic matters, and above all, do not be too much of a martinet in your household. We shall all be tucked up and laid smooth and straight where we cannot possibly throw things about, soon enough. Allow everybody a chance to work and play and do anything they desire, that is not improper, in this little brief life we have given us. M. S.

MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.—The mother's influence over the disposition and feelings of children, and power of forming character, have more effect thereon than instructions or mental culture. How much vigorous energy of thought and emotion would be produced, and how much strict discipline and harshness to eradicate a habit, would have been avoided, had the mother done her duty in refusing to please her child in granting what should have been refused? The mother often forgets that what might be deemed only a child's trifle, claims no thought or care from her, yet by granting or denying which may involve a healthy or unhealthy movement of his or her whole nature. Teachers find that in the education of the children of others the greatest difficulty is in the many influences, some of which are most injurious to the child, that the parent begets. The mother should rid her mind as quickly as possible that what her child desires is a trifle, because it would be so to her. Aime Martin says: "Whatever may be the customs and laws of a country, women always give the tone to morals." Her work on earth is to humanize and spiritualize humanity. L. G. W.

EYES FOR THE BLIND.—Astounding as the fact may appear, no less than two millions of glass eyes are manufactured every year in Switzerland and Germany. The pupil of the artificial eye is made, it appears, of colored glass, and occasionally crimson lines are painted on the under surface to give the appearance of veins.

An artificial eye only lasts five years, the secretions of certain glands coating the surface of the glass and making the false optic look ugly. Laborers who are exposed to fire are said to be the largest buyers of glass eyes, it being a very common thing for a working man to lose an eye at any vocation where a spark may suddenly flash out upon him.

Curiously enough, it is almost impossible to tell when a man has a glass eye, the expression of the eye being almost solely due to the lifting of the upper eyelids. These work up and down over the surface of the glass eye as naturally as over a real eye; and thus it is, that a man with a glass eye might be seen a hundred times before those with whom he is talking perceives that he has called in art to remedy a deficiency of nature.

AMEER ABDULRAHMAN, of Afghanistan, recently beheaded his physician, Kooder Bux, for failing to make an immediate cure of a boil on the sovereign's arm.

THE largest "all hands round" has been figured out by a man who states that if thirty-two million persons should clasp hands they could reach round the globe.

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A Cure For All

SUMMER COMPLAINTS!

A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few moments, cure Cramp, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains. For severe cases of the foregoing Complaints see our printed directions.

It is Highly Important that Every Family Keep a Supply of

Radway's Ready Relief

Always in the house. Its use will prove beneficial on all occasions of pain or sickness. There is nothing in the world that will stop pain or arrest the progress of disease as quickly as the Ready Relief.

It is pleasant to take as a tonic, anodyne or soothing lotion.

Where epidemic diseases prevail, such as Fevers, Dysentery, Cholera, Influenza, Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever, Pneumonia and other malignant diseases, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will, if taken as directed, protect the system against attacks, and if seized with sickness, quickly cure the patient.

Malaria in its Various Forms, Fever and Ague.

Radway's Ready Relief

Not only cures the patient seized with malaria, but if people exposed to it will every morning on getting out of bed take twenty or thirty drops of the READY RELIEF in a glass of water and drink it and eat, say a cracker, they will escape attacks.

PRACTISING WITH R. R. R.
MONTAGUE, TEX.

Dr. Radway & Co.:
I have been using your medicines for the last twenty years, and in all cases of Chills and Fever I have never failed to cure. I never use anything but your READY RELIEF and PILLS.
THOS. J. JONES.

Mr. JOHN MORTON, of Verplanck Point, N. Y., proprietor of the Hudson River Brick Manufacturing Co., says that he prevents and cures attacks of chills and fever in his family and among the men in his employ by the use of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF and PILLS. Also the men in Mr. Frost's orchard, at the same place, rely entirely on the R. R. R. for the cure and prevention of Malaria.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is a cure for every Pain, TOOTHACHE, HEADACHE, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, SWELLING of the JOINTS, SPRAINS, BRUISES, PAINS in the BACK, CHEST or LIMBS.

The application of the Ready Relief will afford instant ease and comfort.

It was the first and is THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or organs, by one application.

Price, 50 cts. per Bottle. Sold by druggists.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,

The Great Blood Purifier

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, and your bones sound, and your complexion fair, use RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT. It possesses wonderful power in curing all forms of scrofulous and eruptive diseases, syphiloid ulcers, tumors, sores, enlarged glands, &c., rapidly and permanently. Dr. Randolph McIntire, of St. Hyacinthe, Canada, says: "I completely and marvelously cured a victim of Scrofula in its last stage by following your advice given in your little treatise on that disease."

Joseph Rushell, of Dennison Mills, Quebec, was "completely cured by two bottles of RADWAY'S RESOLVENT of an old sore on the leg."

J. F. Trunnel, South St. Louis, Mo., "was cured of a bad case of Scrofula after having been given up as incurable."

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body. All druggists. $1 a bottle.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy,

For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

PRICE, 25c PER BOX. Sold by all druggists.

"A FINE, SURE MEDICINE."

RADWAY & CO.—*Gentlemen:* Your Pills have often warded off sickness in my family. I never think it safe to be without them; they are a fine, sure medicine. Most respectfully yours,
HENRY KENWORTH.
CHEBANSE, Iroquois Co., Illinois.

What a Physician Says of Radway's Pills.

I am using your R. R. Relief and your Regulating Pills and have recommended them above all pills, and sell a great many of them. I have them on hand always, and use them in my practice and in my own family, and expect to, in preference of all Pills.
Yours respectfully,
DR. A. C. MIDDLEBROOK.
DORAVILLE, GA.

DYSPEPSIA.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach and enable it to perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases.

Send a letter stamp to DR. RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren street, New York.

☞Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.—Be sure and ask for RADWAY'S and see that the name "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

Humorous.

SHE CHANGED HER NAME.

Her name was Suiggs—it didn't suit
  Her rich æsthetic nature,
And so she thought she'd have it changed
  By act of Legislature.

She sought a limb—a legal man
  With lots of subtle learning,
And unto him she did confide
  Her soul's most painful yearning.

He heard her through—he asked her wealth
  He pondered o'er her story,
And then he said he would consult
  His volumes statutory.

She sighed and rose—he took her hand
  And sudden said "How stupid!
I did forget the precedent
  Of Hymen vs. Cupid!

"Just substitute my name for yours."
  The maiden blushed and faltered—
But in two weeks she took her name
  To church and had it alter'd.

U. N. NONE.

Always in time—"T."

Light-headed—The blonde.

Low reflections—Polished boots,

Footing the bill—Kicking William.

Out of season—An empty pepper box.

Most of the time in hot water—The washerwoman.

The land of promise—The kind sold by the unreliable real estate agent.

Some of the best blood in the land now runs through the mosquito's veins.

Why is a carpenter like a barber?—Because he can't get along without shavings.

The only fruit crop that did not prove a success in the Garden of Eden—The early pair.

Why is a tight boot like a warm summer?—Because it hastens the growth of the corn.

Betwixt the hen and an incendiary you inquire the difference?—Why, one sets on eggs, the other sets on fire.

We see an item in a medical paper about "mineral wool." We presume that's the sort they shear from hydraulic rams.

The pleasantest husbandry known to man is said to be the destroying of weeds—a widow's weeds, by marrying the widow.

A man may be theoretically a thundering advocate of moral suasion and at the same time keep a good shotgun to protect his chickens.

The president of a debating society in New Jersey lately decided that the "milk of human kindness" meant milk punch with nutmeg in it.

The King of Spain, now 17 months old, commands a salary of a million dollars a year, and yet there are times when he would give it all for one bottle of paregoric.

It has been calculated that if 32,000,000 people should clasp hands they could reach around the globe. Very likely, but some of them would get their feet awful wet.

A Western man and woman two hundred miles apart have been married by telegraph. We have many misgivings for the future of a couple that begin life on tick.

It is a singular phase of human nature that when a man gives his wife a dime to buy a box of hairpins or a gum ring for the baby it looks about seven times as big as when he planks it down for bitters.

A girl at Ocean Grove has hurried up things wonderfully by assuring her young man that she despised those girls who went on wanting to be taken to a watering place every year after they were married.

It has been thought that people are degenerating because they do not live so long as in the days of Methuselah. But the fact is, that provisions are so high that nobody can afford to live very long at the current prices.

"Vat you makes dare?" hastily inquired a Dutchman of his daughter, who was being kissed by her sweetheart very clamorously. "Oh, not much; just courting a little—that's all." "Oho, dot's all, eh? I tought you vas fighting."

A life-insurance actuary ill-naturedly estimates that thousands have been lost by the companies because one of the questions which an applicant has to answer is, "What is your age?" This, he says, stops off some men and nearly all women.

In Bavaria the mayor of a little village was ordered by the higher authorities to make out a list of the dogs kept by the inhabitants. He did so, and the list read as follows: "The school-teacher—a dog; the pastor—a dog; the doctor—a dog; myself—a dog; all of us together—four dogs."

"They tell me you have traveled," said she, during a lull in the conversation the other night. "Yes, I've traveled a great deal," he replied. "I wish I was traveling now." "I wish you were," innocently rejoined the young lady, noticing that both hands of the clock were pointing upwards.

After the story about the snake which is used to drive the cows home, and that other snake which performs the duties of a watch dog on a farm, it only remains for a paper to say that there is a catfish in the waters of Mississippi City which comes at call and gives able assistance to the local fishermen by dragging one end of a mullet seine.

People who most relish gossip take a very different view of it when it is directed against one's own reputation. "What an extremely candid person Mrs. Higgins is," said Mrs. Robinson to Mrs. Jones. "Yes how she exposed those Simkinses and Wilkinses." "Yes," said Mrs. Jones, "but if you could have heard what she said about you yesterday!" "About me!" "Yes, about you." "Well, I never! The idea of her talking about me! I won't believe another word she says."

COOL THIEVES.—The coolness of thieves while engaged in stealing and their tact in getting out of a surprise are illustrated by many anecdotes. The landlord of an hotel met, as he started to go up his own stairs, a man coming down backward with a feather-bed on his shoulders. "What have you there?" asked the landlord. "A bed for you, sir," answered the man. "Nonsense; it is not for me! I have not ordered any bed." "No. 22, Dash Square, sir." "Ah, I thought so! It's next door." The man turned, and bore the bed off before the landlord's eyes, who did not discover his loss until too late.

The proprietor of another hotel was robbed one day in the most barefaced way. A man with a paper cap on his head and a white apron round his body made his appearance in the coffee-room, where many guests were lunching. Looking intently at the clock which hung over the mantelpiece, he said, as if speaking to himself, but so as to be heard by the waiter, "I have had more trouble with that clock than I ever had with one before." Then, turning to the waiter, he went on, "Send 'Boots' here with the steps, that I may take it down, and I will try once more to put it right." The unsuspecting waiter told "Boots," who brought the steps. The man mounted, removed the clock, came down, and said to the waiter, "Tell Mr. W. I am busy, and that he must not expect to see his clock back very soon." It is perhaps needless to say that it never came back.

WHY NOT WORK DOGS?—The greatest idlers all England through, says a prominent English paper, is the dog. The streets may be found full of great, big, hulking four-footed creatures, many of them much stronger than a small donkey, who consume a certain amount of food, but who are absolutely non-productive. Throughout the Continent the dog is not only found in as healthy and well-conditioned a state as his English brother, but he performs myriads of tasks. In thrifty Antwerp he draws great wagons, and everywhere may be seen taking round the milk, delivering greengroceries, or carrying clothes to the laundry. As a general parcel-carrier he is invaluable, for he not only pulls the load, but guards it as well. How useful donkeys are to the poorer classes is proved by the fact of their being so generally used. Dogs may be used for the same purpose if once public opinion sanctioned their employment.

AN "engagement bracelet," recently made by a New York jeweler, at a cost of two hundred and fifty dollars, was a most unique and beautiful ornament. It was a gold chain with a padlock, and the seven middle links were nuggets with precious stones in each one. The stones were placed in order thus: Diamond, Emerald, Amethyst, Ruby, Emerald, Sapphire, Topaz. It is easy to find out that the initials of the names of the gems spell D. E. A. R. E. S. T.

"Mr. DOPPENHEIMMER, I want to introduce a burglar-alarm into your house. It will indicate at which door or window——" "I don't want none of dose tings. I don't bodder me mit burglars." "Once you have tried them, Mr. Doppenheimmer——" "Look here, meester. If you wash got a contrivance what keeps mine wife from goin' dru mine pockets vhen I wash asleep, den I talks mit you a leedle bit."

20 Years Record.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND,

Is a Positive Cure

For ALL of those Painful Delicate Complaints and Complicated troubles and Weaknesses so common among our Wives, Mothers, and Daughters.

It will cure entirely all ovarian or vaginal troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, & consequent spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the change of life.

Lydia E. Pinkham
The Woman's Sure Friend

LADIES,—IT WILL NOT PERFORM SURGICAL OPERATIONS OR CURE CANCER, BUT IT WILL UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES, ACT IN HARMONY WITH THE LAWS OF NATURE. IF THAT FEELING OF BEARING DOWN, CAUSING PAIN, WEIGHT AND BACKACHE, IS ALWAYS PERMANENTLY CURED BY ITS USE.

Sold by Druggists. Price $1. per bottle. Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills cure constipation. &c.

THE INVALUABLE DOMESTIC REMEDY!

PHÉNOL SODIQUE.

Proprietors, HANCE BROTHERS & WHITE, Phila'a.

EXTERNALLY—for all kinds of injuries; *relieving pain instantly, and rapidly healing the wounded parts.*

Gives *prompt* and *permanent relief* in BURNS, SCALDS, CHILBLAINS, VENOMOUS STINGS, or BITES, CUTS and WOUNDS *of every description.*

INTERNALLY.—It is invaluable in CHOLERA, YELLOW, TYPHUS, TYPHOID, SCARLET, and other Fevers.

In NASAL CATARRH, *Fetid Discharges from the* EAR, OZÆNA, *Affections of the* ANTRUM, and CANCEROUS AFFECTIONS, it is a *boon to both Physician and Patient.*

For SICK-ROOMS, and all IMPURE and UNHEALTHY LOCALITIES, and to *prevent the spread of* CONTAGION, it is the *best* DISINFECTANT known.

For Sale by Druggists and General Merchandise Dealers

A Beautiful Plush Casket of Fine Jewelry sent free to every Agent selling our cards. Send 2c. stamp for Lovely New Samples and Outfit. N. E. CARD CO., Wallingford, Conn.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

WOOD'S LADIES BLACKING IS THE ONLY DRESSING THAT WILL PRODUCE A POLISH WITHOUT SHRINKING, CRACKING OR HARDENING THE LEATHER

LARGE BOTTLES 25¢

ALL SHOE DEALERS SELL IT

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send self-addressed envelope to REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City.*

CURE FOR THE DEAF

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS Perfectly Restore the Hearing, and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Send for Illustrated book with testimonials, FREE. Address or call on F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, New York. Mention this paper.

PILES. Instant relief. Final cure and never returns. No indelicacy. Neither knife, purge, salve or suppository. Liver, kidney and all bowel troubles—especially constipation—cured like magic. Sufferers will learn of a simple remedy free, by addressing. J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau St., N. Y.

SECRET OF BEAUTY

BLOOM OF YOUTH

Every Lady desires to be considered handsome. The most important adjunct to perfect beauty is a clear, smooth, soft and beautiful skin. Ladies afflicted with Tan, Freckles, Rough or Discolored Skin and other Blemishes, should lose no time in applying this old established and delightful Toilet preparation.

It will *immediately* obliterate all such imperfections and is perfectly harmless.

It has been *chemically* analysed by the Board of Health of New York City, and pronounced entirely free from any material injurious to the health or skin.

Price, 75 Cents Per Bottle.

Sold by Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers Everywhere.

LAIRD'S

Depot 39 Barclay St., N. Y.

WHITE LILAC SOAP

The new and exquisite Toilet Soap which for perfect Purity and Permanency of Delicate fragrance is unequalled for either Toilet or Nursery use. No materials unless carefully selected and absolutely pure ever enter into its manufacture, hence this Soap is perfectly reliable for use in the Nursery and unrivalled for general Toilet use.

LAIRD'S WHITE LILAC TOILET SOAP is *refreshing* and *soothing* to the skin, leaving it beautifully *clear, soft* and *smooth.*

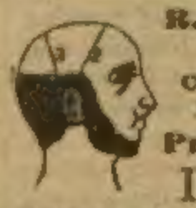
Price, 20c. per Cake. Box 3 Cakes 50c.

Sent by Mail upon Receipt of Price.

Sold by Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers Everywhere.

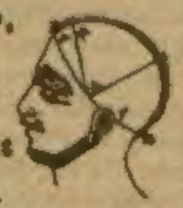
HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28

In use 20 years. The only successful remedy for Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness, and Prostration, from over-work or other causes. $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for $5. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—Humphreys' Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.



R. DOLLARD, 513 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia.

Premier Artist IN HAIR.



Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. Over the crown of the head.

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Fringes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Arsenic Complexion Tablets for all skin disfigurements, 25c. package. Send stamp for circular. Empire Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

YOUR Name printed on 40 Mixed Cards, and 100 Scrap Pictures, 10c. Ray Card Co. Clintonville, Ct

Agents Wanted for PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS. Good Pay. A. Gorton & Co., Philada., Pa.

500 Scrap Pictures, Games, &c., and book of Sample Cards only 20cts. Star Card Co., Station 13, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED (Samples FREE) for Dr. Scott's beautiful Electric Corsets, Brushes, Belts, Etc. No risk, quick sales. Territory given, satisfaction guaranteed. Dr. SCOTT, 842 B'way, N Y.

Agents make $5 a day with Plank Cheapest in U. S. Particulars free. FOSTER & MAKIN, Cincinnati, O. ALBUMS

TO PLAY MUSIC WITHOUT STUDY!

This Can Be Done by Means of the

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL, is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 5's, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,

726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA.

Latest Fashion Phases.

White has been, and is, greatly worn. China washing silks, surah and cambric are all popular favorites, and with them are worn white bonnets or hats, veils, parasols and gloves.

Heliotrope, from the very palest tint, comes next in favor, and is much more general than was at first anticipated, and also more becoming. Grey follows closely, and this is more often than not mixed with white, pale pink and lemon-yellow. With the first and last colors gloves to match are worn, but with others the same gray shade as the dress is selected.

Full vests of soft silk are popular, and there is a pretty fashion of fastening in two silk handkerchiefs, such as a gray and a pink, or a pale blue and a fawn, crossing them over the bust, and tucking in the ends at the sides, beneath the full fronts of the bodice. Another way is to draw them down into a point, and gather them. Again other handkerchiefs are sewn into the side of the arm-holes nearest the bust, from almost the top of the shoulder to just underneath the arm, then drawn across the bust, knotted over, and the ends tucked into the waistband, or drawn away and fastened to one side—usually the left. Sometimes this is done with one of the soft Indian silk sashes, now much in vogue, and drawn to the side, with one end allowed either to fall long, or arranged to catch up the side draperies.

The above fashion is carried out also with evening gowns. A plain colored silken handkerchief on a flowered or figured cotton gown looks very effective, and gives it quite an air of distinction.

Cottons are much worn, even on smart occasions, and a few costumes have been seen with a scarf reaching to the waist at the back, with long ends in front just turned over, composed of the same cotton, with a hood lined with plain colored sateen. This is a revival of a fashion of not so very long ago. Transparent black lace scarves and hoods can be worn over any gown.

There is a great run on watered silk this season, especially in black; whole gowns of it, or a mixture of satin Merveilleux, lace, jet and moire, are to be seen, and the best style of black gowns made and worn on smart occasions this season have been composed of it.

Jet epaulets may occasionally be seen, but, as a rule, the style is simple, the skirt perfectly well hung in wide, loose pleats down the back, and the bodice as close-fitting as human hands can make it.

Alternate broad and narrow stripes of satin, with intervening stripes of moire, can be had in shades of heliotrope and other fashionable colors, and also in alternate gold-color and cream. The latter combination is lovely at night when arranged with lace and ribbons. Broad sashes of it on white dresses look well.

The fashionable flowers, in artificial beauty, have been lilacs white and mauve, tied together; dandelion "puffs" or "blowaways," red and pink roses, and white guelder roses. Now currants and other fruits are coming in, and may be seen on hats, bonnets, and evening dresses, and a few occasionally on the dainty lace and drawn net parasols. Everything now is mounted very high, and almost everything is mixed with tulle or ribbon.

The rough rustic hats, coming in for country wear, are of the most varied and fantastic shape, bent and twisted into every conceivable shape, and apparently kept in form by overhanging buds or climbers straying from the crown. Black lace hats will be much worn a little later on in the season, and these appear to be made much according to the will and fancy of the individual wearer.

Lace over gold network is fashionable for hats, bonnets and parasols, and all the prettiest shapes can be had in it. Some hats have the crown composed entirely of mignonette, and the brim of grass, with a bunch of flowers at one side; while others are of rush-work, turned up at the side or back, and finished off with a pretentious cluster of wild flowers and foliage. The sailor hats, turned up on one side, with a swallow, are quaint; and in navy blue and white they are particularly pretty.

The bonnets of drawn tulle, and of white and flowered muslin, trimmed with roses and ribbons, are made to go with the costumes; and, as they are not difficult to make, most women have one for every gown.

White muslin trimmed with gold lace, and white silk strings, suit some faces, especially if edged with a full ruche, and finished off with a white plume and gold osprey. Colored tulle veils seem very general, but the white and gray are the most becoming.

The real flowers of the day par excellence are roses, red, pink, and yellow, in all their varieties; but all the summer blooms come in for their share of favor. Foxgloves grace tall vases, branches of guelder roses and copper beech form beautiful contrasts of color; the big colored daisies, or pyrethrum, in all the varieties, stand up proudly among grasses and sprays of feathery asparagus run to seed; and greenery of all kinds come in for their share of attention, and add their iota to the decoration of halls and reception rooms.

For boys there is nothing that is so thoroughly suited to holiday wear as the working sailor suit, as it is called. For older boys there is the middy suit, made in light cloth or serge, with the loose jacket and waistcoat buttoned beneath, the cap with a flap over the forehead, called respectively the East Indian and Jack Tar. Some are made in serge, some entirely of white duck, well-suited to hot weather. A smart suit is a white flannel shirt and loose jacket, with tight breeches, buttoned at the knee, and red stockings.

The girls adopt the "working sailor" just as readily, but in their case it includes a short full skirt, made quite plain, with rows of braid around. Sometimes when the skirt is white the braid is laid on a color. The skirts are arranged with little fulness in front, the bodices loose, with a sailor collar, full sleeves to wrist, and a striped or plain under vest.

If, as often happens, they are made in the striped colored flannels, a silk sash is knotted around the hips, fringed with all the colors in the stripes.

There are outside pockets on the skirt, which give infinite satisfaction to the younger children; the possession of the first pocket is a red-letter day in infantine life. For wearing with these no outer garment is so fashionable nor so suited to the seaside as a blue pilot-cloth pea-jacket, with brass buttons and anchors.

Dust cloaks are sold for children, made of alpaca and tussore, in an all around shape. Boys and men affect what in school parlance are known as "Blazers"—loose colored striped jackets, made of flannel, blue and white, red and white, yellow and brown, indeed, in every possible combination.

Boys and girls alike favor two styles of head-covering—the sailor hat, with double-brims, so that they are unbreakable with anything like fair wear and tear; and the naval officer's cap, with peak over the face, which is made in every kind of colored flannel, as well as the usual black and dark blue or white.

For girls there are many other kinds of head-gear at this same firm, where we have seen most of the articles described above. For the younger ones there is nothing more healthful, comfortable and suitable than the white muslin bonnets and hats drawn on cord, with embroidery at the edge, and protective curtains at the back. These are also made in colored cottons and zephyrs.

Then there is a white beefeater hat, with a soft gathered crown, made of the same materials, and another shape, half hat, half bonnet, of the old poke bonnet order.

High-crowned willow hats, with muslin trimmings, are pretty to look at and light to wear; the Panama are of the more durable make.

Now as regards frocks. Cottons are being made up, and also serges, as simple smocks, some without yokes, smocked slightly at the throat and wrist; a sash of the same material as the dress around the waist.

Jerseys of every kind are worn with woolen and cotton frocks; some of these in plain colors are made with spotted yokes and cuffs in red and white or black or in blue; others are confined at the waist by a belt, while some button at the back, the front being allowed to fall loosely and hide the waist.

The fishwife dresses are made with striped skirts, cotton or serge, and a new and capital material is a pin pointed cotton with bands of the same embroidered for trimming, with blue or red anchors intermixed.

Odds and Ends.

A FEW SAVORY DISHES.

There is no better way of serving cold vegetables than as a salad. Spinach, cauliflower, or cabbage, or indeed any other cooked vegetable, must not be kept more than a day, as they are apt to become sour in hot weather.

The method of preparing these things for table is simple enough. In the first place, ill-cooked green vegetables, those which have acquired a yellow tinge, or have water left in them, will no more make a good dish on the second than on the first day, and, served as salad they will probably give a permanent distaste for that kind of thing.

Supposing, then, the vegetables to be of fine quality and to have been properly boiled—if there are several kinds, so much the better—mince them, not too fine, add salt, pepper, a very little oil, and still less of mild vinegar or lemon juice; mix the whole thoroughly together, put in a little heap in the middle of the dish, place around tastefully slices of hard-boiled eggs, with tiny bits of pickled capsicums or chillies. All this done with judgment, you will have a most delicious addition either to luncheon, dinner or supper.

The notion of serving cold potatoes will be new, and not very pleasing to a number of my readers; yet it is not to be despised. A potato salad is a very good thing, and may be simply made by cutting the potatoes into slices or into dice-like pieces, and then covering them with a good salad-dressing. But a better way is to pass them through a coarse sieve, provided they are dry and floury enough to admit of the process, and those who possess a patent "masher" will be able to have this little dish in the greatest perfection. Mix the potatoes with a little chilli vinegar, salt, and, if not disliked, oil, for which, however, a little cream may be substituted. This done, put them on a dish, and spread a little small salad, or a few leaves of cos lettuce, finely shred and very dry, on the top. An anchovy or two minced is a capital addition to the salad. Most people like those which are preserved in oil, as they are very fine in flavor and require no preparation.

Nobody who has tasted asparagus served cold, with oil or a delicate dressing, will regret that it is not hot, and it is unnecessary to sing the virtues of cold peas or artichokes.

As a rule, fish salads are only made of lobster or salmon; the fact is, however, that any kind of fish, especially if cooked well in the first instance, makes excellent salad. Pick the fish carefully from the bones, lay it in a very little lemon juice or vinegar for an hour, then strain it, and mix it with a good dressing or mayonnaise sauce, finishing with a well-prepared salad. One or two tomatoes should be sliced and placed around the dish, and will be found a capital addition to this class of salad, as well as a bright garnish.

A very small quantity of fish may be turned to account; one of the nicest salads I ever tasted was made of a bit of mackerel, a morsel of cabbage, and a potato or two; the seasoning, no doubt, had much to do with the merits of the little dish, and that is a thing anybody with ordinary skill and judgment can compass.

To use up a tiny bit of cold chicken, veal or lamb, is easy enough, and there is nothing more tasty than stewed neck of mutton or lamb. A nice way of using either one or the other is to mince it, and toss it up in a rich white sauce, flavoring it, when cold, with tarragon, or Chilli vinegar. It is better not to mix this with salad, but to place it in the middle of a dish, ornamenting it with delicately-cooked spring carrots; these should be boiled in water slightly sweetened; and a few French beans, cooked whole, make the appearance of the dish very pretty.

A very useful thing in making salads, and for ornamenting cold dishes, is aspic or savory jelly. The old way of making this is so expensive and troublesome, that it is seldom attempted, except for special occasions. There is, however, an easy and cheap way of making aspic, which I subjoin. It requires to be somewhat stiff if for garnishing, but the quantities given will suffice to make a jelly for mixing with a meat, fish, chicken, or vegetable salad. A good and useful little dish may be made of cold chicken, veal and ham, dressed fish of any sort, and a due proportion of this aspic jelly. Hard boiled eggs, with fillets of anchovy, make a nice change.

Among the most acceptable articles of diet in hot weather is pickled fish, and it ought, under all ordinary conditions to be as wholesome as it is agreeable. Great care should be taken that fish for pickling is fine and fresh, and that it has not lost its flavor by being kept on ice. Vinegar also must be carefully chosen; it is that of inferior quality which is apt to disagree in cases of delicate digestion. Soused mackerel is cheap enough for family use, and a dinner of it now and then is often more appreciated than one of hot fish.

[To be concluded next week.]

A HORSE THIEF, who was lying in the Johnstown, R. I., lockup awaiting trial, made his escape early on Monday morning. He twisted a newspaper into a long roll, stuck a bent pin in the end, and, reaching through the cell door, drew a bunch of keys off a hook, where they were hanging, opened his cell door, and made his escape.

Confidential Correspondents.

R. T.—It is not customary for gentlemen to wear engagement rings.

L. B.—The Jewish, or Old Testament Sabbath, falls on Saturday, the seventh day of the week.

GRIGGSVILLE.—The custom of setting apart certain holidays in honor of certain individuals and events has existed in all ages.

ECLIPSE.—In 1896 a total of the sun will be seen in Greenland, Lapland, and Siberia; and in 1900 there will be another visible in the United States, Spain, Algeria, and Egypt.

A. J.—The serious objection to poisoning rats and mice is, that they die under flooring and behind the wainscoting, and so become a terrible nuisance. The trap is the best remedy.

VERITAS.—There are bad men in all churches, just as there are wicked people in all classes of society. A particular church, therefore, cannot be charged with the transgressions of its members.

J. T.—Yes. We believe the rule to be gloves—lavender or white—under such circumstances. Even were it not the rule, it would be in good taste to wear them on such an occasion, whether ushers or merely guests.

PARK.—A divorced woman may resume her maiden name if she chooses without asking anyone's permission. It is usual for her to retain her married name if she has children, and in any case to keep the appellation of "Mrs."

C. M.—The Colonel Ellsworth who was killed at Alexandria, Va., by hotel keeper Jackson, at the beginning of the war, commanded a regiment of "fire zouaves," recruited in New York, largely from the volunteer firemen of that city.

D. D.—Decline to take any walks with him, and when he calls at your house manage to have something to attend to which will prevent you from being left alone with him. Tell your mother frankly just how you feel about the matter, and she will perhaps help you out of your dilemma.

T. H. E.—Sixteen and a half years is too young an age for a girl to marry at. The father's objection is therefore only reasonable. The girls who marry from twenty-two to twenty-five preserve their beauty until past forty, and generally attain a good matronly age, often outliving their husbands.

PALE.—The best method of breaking yourself of the habit of thinking of yourself is to think of others. Perhaps your extreme paleness is constitutional, or the result of an illness, or of the unwholesome locality in which you live. A medical man on the spot might be able to decide between these causes, and possibly might order you iron.

PROPHYRO.—St. Agnes's Eve is the night preceding St. Agnes's Day, January 21. It was an old superstition that by watching and fasting on this eve maidens could discover their fate in marriage, and by praying nine times to the moon and fasting on three St. Agnes's Eves in succession they could secure whom they would as husband.

E. E.—The word omnibus is the dative plural of the word omnis, and signifies "to," or "for all." Used as an English substantive, it is applied to a well-known class of vehicles to signify the comprehensive principle on which they are founded. By analogy, a certain box at the Opera was called the "omnibus box," because it is taken by a sort of subscription club, and is not confined to one subscriber.

E. A. T.—There are tender-hearted people who virtually object to the whole scheme of creation, who would have neither force used nor pain suffered, who talk as if love could do everything, even with natures whence there is no response. There are millions of human beings who but for suffering would never have developed an atom of affection. He who would spare due suffering is not wise with the wisdom that is from above. Because a thing is not pleasant, he is a fool who concludes it ought not to be. There are powers to be born, creations to be perfected, through the ministry of pain, which could be born and perfected in no way else.

G. C.—We share with you a dislike to marriages where one of the parties is divorced, and particularly when they are mysteriously divorced as appears to be the case here. You do well to hesitate about marrying him. Let no consideration induce you to accept him until you feel thoroughly satisfied as to his past. Money is not everything. That he should dare to act as he did on the occasion mentioned, is a proof that something is wanting in him, either of love or respect for you. You treated him under the circumstances as he should have been treated. Keep him at a distance until his claims to familiarity have better foundations than at present. 2. It is pronounced "Jack-me-no."

STUDENT.—Light travels over 200,000 miles in a second, and sound only a quarter of a mile. When, therefore, an electric bolt forces its way through the air we see the flash before we hear the sound of the concussion, and as the interval is greater the more distant the blow. The thunder is caused by the sudden concussion—the repulsive energy with which the air is thrown apart in the path of the electric discharge. The prolonged sound is the effect of the greater distance of part of the line of discharge. If every part of the lightning's path were equi-distant from the ear we should hear a single crash. The varying sounds are caused by the course of the current. It often happens that the lightning is discharged towards us, and then the last sound that reaches us is that which comes from the first part of the blow.

HENRI QUATRO.—Joanna Southcott was an English woman, born of humble parentage about the year 1750. While still young she joined the Methodists, and becoming acquainted with a man named Sanderson, who laid claim to the spirit of prophecy, made similar pretensions herself. In 1792 she declared herself to be the woman driven into the wilderness—the subject of the prophecy in Rev. xii. She gave forth predictions in prose and verse, and, although quite illiterate, wrote numerous letters and pamphlets, which obtained a large circulation and were regarded as inspired oracles, not only by the ignorant peasantry, but by many persons of education, and even by some clergymen of the Church of England. To her followers she issued sealed papers, which she termed her seals, and which were to protect them from the judgments of God, both in this world and the next. She died in 1814; and for a long time many of her followers maintained their faith in her, and believed that she would awake from her "trance." Nearly forty years afterwards—in 1851—the census returns showed that there were still four congregations of Southcottians in England.